

University Of Alberta



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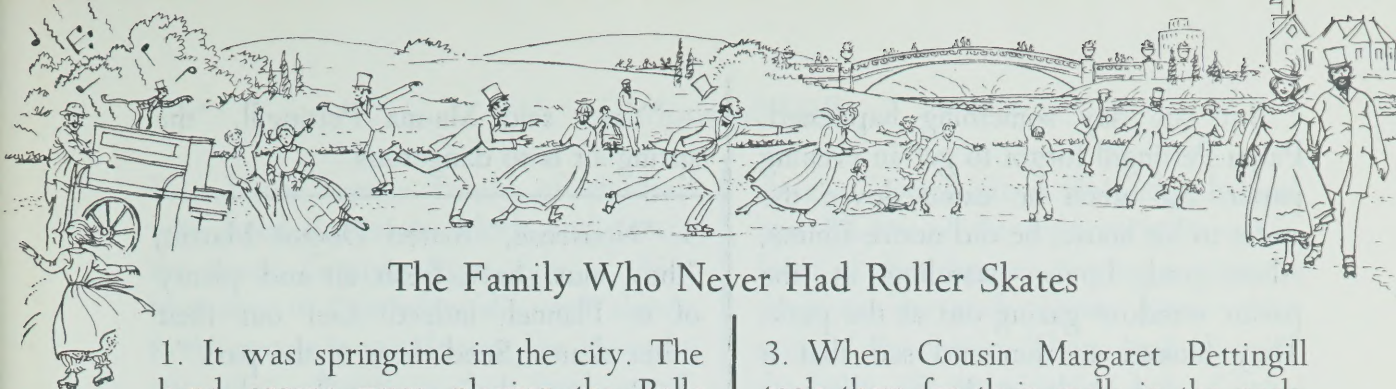
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The Family Who Never Had Roller Skates

1. It was springtime in the city. The hand organs were playing the Bella Bocca Polka and everyone was roller-skating. People whirled gaily along the sidewalks and through the park, in and out, in and out. Sometimes they fell on their elbows, and often their feet flew up in the air.

This was quite long ago, that is, long before anyone knew about automobiles. But roller-skating was new and quite the thing. Yet, sad as it may seem, Emma, Alice, and Louise Pettingill had never had roller skates.

"You would break your legs," said Pa-pa Pettingill.

"Dear me, yes," said Ma-ma Pettingill.

"Little ladies should not muss and tear their petticoats," said Cousin Margaret Pettingill.

2. So Emma, Alice, and Louise Pettingill just stood at the parlor window and gazed at the people skimming along through the park. They wished and wished their legs were not so brittle or their petticoats so stiff. They were quiet, good little girls who always did what they were told and never asked for anything they couldn't have. Dreams of roller skates rolled through their heads, but they said nothing; they just sighed sadly and stood at the window in their stiff petticoats, quietly humming the Bella Bocca Polka.

3. When Cousin Margaret Pettingill took them for their walk in the park, she never seemed to notice that everyone was roller-skating; the boys and girls, the papas and mamas, the cousins and uncles, even the aunts—everyone but Emma, Alice, and Louise Pettingill. When they went downtown shopping, Cousin Margaret didn't even seem to notice that the store windows of the Empire Emporium were full of roller skates, beautiful, gleaming roller skates. Emma, Alice, and Louise gazed at them longingly, but it did no good. Cousin Pettingill walked right ahead.

"Why don't you roller-skate?" called Polly Polhemus as she whirled around them on one foot. "See what fun it is."

Emma, Alice, and Louise had nothing whatever to say. They just plodded on home in their button boots, looking very proper but feeling quite unhappy.

4. The three little girls grew sadder and quieter day by day. They didn't even care to eat. Their legs grew thinner and their cheeks grew paler, but the Pettingill petticoats were always clean, freshly starched, and never torn.

Pa-pa Pettingill was far too busy at business to notice their plight. He dashed out of the house every morning, and when he slowly climbed the brown front steps at night, he never even looked up from his evening paper.

But one day something happened. Pa-pa Pettingill forgot to get an evening paper. So when he came down the street to his house, he did notice Emma, Alice, and Louise standing at the parlor window gazing out at the park. They looked so thin and sad that it quite wrung his heart. In fact, he was so shocked that he flew up the brown stone steps and began shouting in the hall at Ma-ma Pettingill. "What is the meaning of this? Our daughters look ill. We must get medicines and tonics and pills. They must be cured at once!"

"Yes, dear," said Ma-ma Pettingill. "I'll send for Doctor Martin tomorrow."

"Send for him immediately," roared Pa-pa Pettingill.

Emma, Alice, and Louise became frightened and paler than ever but still they didn't say anything at all. The whole family waited in the parlor while the coachman hitched the horse and drove around to tell Doctor Martin, and Pa-pa Pettingill paced the parlor floor. After an hour or two, Doctor Martin came, medicine bag in hand.

"Thank you for coming so promptly," said Ma-ma Pettingill. "We are very much worried about our little girls."

Emma, Alice, and Louise began to tremble with fear while Doctor Martin listened to their hearts and took their temperatures. He looked at their tongues and examined their throats. Then humming the *Bella Bocca Polka*, he threw his things back in his bag. "Pills! Tonics! Nonsense!" he cried.

"Perhaps they should be put to bed with flannel on their chests and keep out the air," said Cousin Pettingill.

"Yes," said Ma-ma Pettingill, "the spring air is so dangerous."

5. "Nonsense," roared Doctor Martin, "they must have fresh air and plenty of it. Flannel, indeed! Get out their roller skates! Send them to the park."

"But we have no roller skates," murmured Emma, Alice, and Louise.

"What, no roller skates!" he shouted. "I am astounded!"

"Oh!" said Pa-pa Pettingill.

"Oh!" said Ma-ma Pettingill.

"So very unladylike," murmured Cousin Margaret Pettingill.

"Ridiculous!" said Doctor Martin, "everyone is roller-skating. Send out for some at once."

The next day Pa-pa Pettingill drove to the Empire Emporium where he bought three pairs of the shiniest, most wonderful roller skates, with wooden wheels that whirled like anything.

So Emma, Alice, and Louise began to roller-skate. They fell on their noses; their feet flew up in the air. Their petticoats grew mussed and torn, but their cheeks grew rosy. Soon there were no finer skaters in the park than Emma, Alice, and Louise Pettingill.

Then Pa-pa and Ma-ma and Cousin Pettingill stood proudly watching from the parlor window.

"I have half a mind to try it one day myself," said Pa-pa Pettingill.

"Dear me," said Ma-ma Pettingill.

"Goodness gracious! What next!" exclaimed Cousin Margaret Pettingill, but, very softly, she began to hum the *Bella Bocca Polka*.

—HILDEGARD WOODWARD

Gallons of Milk

1. There was a family of children who lived down the block and across the street. Ginny caught sight of them from time to time when she went down to the corner to mail letters. For the most part they played in their back yard. Ginny often peered down the narrow alleyway between houses to watch them. Their back yard was all cluttered up with a seesaw and a sand pile and red wagons and scooters, and there were usually piles of roller skates on the front steps of their little bungalow. Ginny longed to know them, but they had such fun among themselves that they didn't seem to notice other children. Even their dog, a black and white shaggy-haired fellow almost as big as a collie, was very careful and particular in choosing the people to whom he spoke. His name was Smoke; Ginny knew, for she had often heard the children call him. He had one blue eye and one brown one. It gave him a very strange look.

Whenever Ginny took the letters to the mailbox, Custard went with her—not boldly along the sidewalk, but, as is the way with cats, walking his own path inside the hedges and the gardens, and then waiting there while she crossed the street. It made going to the corner a mysterious event, for everyone Ginny met looked at her and saw only a stringy-haired child walking along. They didn't know she had a silent companion who was always there, seen or not.

One evening after Ginny had mailed her letters, she sat on the curb and watched the five children across the

street. Custard sat in the hedge behind her. All five of the children were out in front of their house, playing a game of duck on the rock. Ginny knew who each of them was. There was George, the baby, the most darling baby Ginny had ever seen. He could not have been more than three years old, and there was no step too steep, no curb too high, no tricycle or wagon too big for him to try out. When he fell, he seldom cried. Elizabeth, the girl who seemed to come next to the baby, always rushed to comfort him, but he would shake her off and run away to try again. Ginny guessed Elizabeth was seven. Then there was Harriet, and Ginny wanted so to know her because she seemed to be about as old as Ginny was; and then two boys, Hank and Stan. Stan was the oldest, and Ginny, as she watched him, thought he was very wise and clever. They all did what Stan said, though they sometimes fought about it. When Stan went off to hide, he grabbed up the baby and took him along too.

2. The longer Ginny watched them play, the bolder she became. "Custard," she said, "you wait here. I'm going over to see if they'll let me play with them."

Now the children had called off the game and were sitting on the steps for a space, until the next round. Smoke, the dog, flopped down too. Ginny crossed the street. She found herself standing on the sidewalk, staring at the five faces ranged on the steps above her. It was a frightening moment.

3. "Hi," said Stan. The others said nothing. Smoke grumbled way down in his throat. "Be still," said Hank. They all stared at her, she in her dress, and her hair neat, for once, they all of them in blue jeans and shirts, the legs of their trousers rolled up at ten different lengths, one for each leg.

"I've got a cat! His name's Custard," Ginny said.

"Yeah?" said Stan. "Well, you better not let Smoke know about it. Just say 'Cats' to him, and you'll see what happens."

"Smoke," Hank said. "Smoke! Cats! Go get 'em, Smoke."

To Ginny's horror, Smoke rose up, growled, and tore down the steps and down the street like a streak, barking his loudest, but it didn't occur to him to cross the street where Custard waited. Back he came, flopped down again, and went straight off to sleep as if to say, "Well, that's that."

Ginny tried again. "I live in New York," she said.

"Well, what of it?" said Stan.

"I live in Tuscaloosa," said Harriet, and she made her voice sound just like Ginny's. They all giggled.

"I live in Minnesota," said Elizabeth.

"I live in Walla Walla," said Hank.

And even the baby spoke up. "I live in a house," he said. And with that they all rolled over on their backs or slapped their knees, and laughed. Ginny turned, went back across the street, gathered up Custard in her arms, and walked sadly down the block and home.

"Good-bye, New York. 'If I'd known you were coming I'd a baked a cake,'"

she heard them shout after her. It was hard to keep the tears back.

"Ginny, is that you?" Father called. "Where have you been, honey? What took you so long?"

Ginny walked into the living room, the comforting Custard in her arms, and leaned her head on Mother's shoulder.

"I was watching some kids play."

"Where?"

"Down the block, there," Ginny said.

"You mean those children in the bungalow?" Mother said. "Steve, they're such a nice family. I think their parents must be very fine and sensible people. Those children seem to get on so well with each other."

"That's nice," said Father. He only half heard because he was reading the latest copy of *The New Yorker*. Ginny said nothing. Soon she went to bed.

4. The next Sunday morning, when Father went out to the back step to get the milk, Ginny heard him exclaim, "Holy Smoke! What's happened?" Ginny and Mother ran to see. There on the step stood bottle after bottle of milk. It looked like a wholesale grocery store.

"Gallons and gallons of milk," Father said. "The milkman must have gone crazy. It's like *The Sorcerer's Apprentice*."

Just then the front doorbell rang, and Ginny went to answer it, followed by her father. A man stood there, a man who somehow looked familiar to Ginny, with a bottle of cream in his hand.

"Good morning," the man said. "I'm Jack Herbert from across the street. It seems the milkman got our orders mixed up and left our milk here and your milk

at our house." He held out the half-pint bottle of cream as if it were something to be ashamed of. "This wouldn't go far with my family of five kids." Then Ginny knew why the man's face was familiar. She had seen five faces, each with something of this man's face in it, five faces laughing at her.

"Come in! Come in!" Father said. "My name's Corbett, and I suppose the orders got confused because our names are something alike. Come back to the kitchen and pick up your milk. Ginny, you and I can help him carry some of these bottles."

"That's kind of you. I could manage alone. I should have brought one of the kids' wagons."

"Come along, Ginny," Father said. "You take a small bottle in each hand. Mr. Herbert and I will take the rest."

When they came to the house, Mr. Herbert led the way around to the back door and into the kitchen. It was a large kitchen, running the whole width of the house. There was a large table, with one end against the window, and there sat the five children, Stan and Elizabeth on one side, Harriet and Hank on the other, and little George between them. Mrs. Herbert was at the stove, turning over pancakes.

"Mary," Mr. Herbert said, "this is Mr. Corbett and Ginny Corbett. They've helped me home with the milk."

"Hello," Mrs. Herbert said. Ginny liked the way she looked, all smiles and not fussy. "Sit down, you two, and have pancakes with us. Stan, bring a chair for Mr. Corbett and his daughter." And then Mrs. Herbert said, "Now, Ginny, I

want you to meet our children. This is Stan, and this is Harriet," and she went down the line. They all looked at Ginny, and each one said, as his name was called, "Hi." And Ginny said, "Hi."

Father was saying that they couldn't stay; Mother was waiting at home. Ginny didn't know whether she was glad or sorry.

5. "Oh, let Ginny stay," Mrs. Herbert said. "We don't have pancakes every Sunday, and these look as though they were going to be good."

"Come on and stay, Ginny," Stan said, and Ginny thought it was the most beautiful speech she had ever heard.

"Sure," said Hank. "George can sit by Mom, and you come here beside me."

"Hi, Ginny! Hi! Hi!" sang out George, banging a spoon on the table.

"Ginny lives in New York, Mama," Harriet said, as if suddenly proud of it.

"And she doesn't have to go to school," Elizabeth added. Why, they had been watching her too! "And her cat's named Custard."

"Do you want to stay, Ginny?" Father asked. Ginny could only nod her head, but Dad saw by the look in her eye that she wanted to beyond everything. So Father left her there, and she sat down next to Hank at the table. Suddenly she squealed. Something cold and wet struck against her bare knees.

"Oh, that's Smoke," Elizabeth said.

"Good old Smoke," Hank said. "He must like you."

Well, thought Ginny, as she sat there smiling; well, I've made friends at last.

—FRANCES CLARKE SAYERS

Read each paragraph. Choose the best word from the list to finish the last sentence. Tell why you chose the word.

shouted exclaimed screamed
begged laughed cried

said muttered sobbed
called grumbled whispered

1. It was a dark, foggy night. Bill was hurrying home from the club meeting. He had wanted to go with the other boys but the leader had insisted that he stay and finish his project. Bill really should have been finished but he'd wasted the time when he should have been working.

"That mean Mr. Brown," _____
Bill. "I'd have finished next week."

I chose _____ because I think Bill
felt _____

2. But Bill had stayed and now he was going home alone. He'd never been out so late before. "It's so dark!" he thought, and began to run. Just as he rounded the corner at Baker Street, he saw something big and black just ahead of him. It turned and came toward him.

"Get away! Get away!" _____
Bill.

I chose _____ because I think Bill
felt _____

3. But the big black thing kept coming. Bill wanted to run away, but he

could see his porch light just down the block. There was just one thing to do. He dashed past the monster and pounded at the front door. He could hear footsteps following him. "It's after me! It's after me," he _____ when his mother opened the door.

I chose _____ because I think

4. "What's after you?" asked his mother. "All I can see is your Blackie. Poor dog! I think you frightened him," she _____

I chose _____ because I think
Mother wants Bill to feel _____

5. "Blackie!" said Bill. "He sure fooled me! The boys will tease me if they find out I was scared of my own dog. Please don't tell them," he _____

I chose _____ because I think

The Seven Sneezes

1. There were once a bunny, a kitten, and a dog who lived together in a back yard.

The bunny was white, with long, fluffy ears.

The kitten was black, and like all kittens it had teeny ears.

The dog was a great big dog with a great big bark.

Everybody was happy, everybody was satisfied. The bunny loved his big ears, the kitten was glad that hers were tiny, and the dog was proud of his great big bark.

2. One day a rag man came along in an old wagon. "Any rags today? Any rags today?" said the rag man.

It was a chilly day. The rag man started to sneeze . . .

"ANY R-AH-Ah-Ah-Ah —"

The bunny, the kitten, and the dog all held their breath until the rag man finished his sneeze . . .

"A-CHOO! A-CHA! A-CHACHOO!"

They were three hearty sneezes. So hearty, that the rag man was blown out of sight down the road—wagon and horse and all!

3. "Goodness gracious—" the bunny, the kitten, and the dog started to say to each other. And then they saw that something strange had happened to them!

The white bunny had the kitten's teeny black ears.

"Why, how silly you both look!" said the dog. The black kitten had the bunny's long, white ears.

The next minute, the dog felt silly. Because, when he opened his mouth, no great big bark came out. Instead, his voice was only a teeny weeny little meow.

Things were certainly mixed up!

The bunny felt his short, teeny ears. He squeaked.

The kitten felt her long, overgrown ears. "Goodness gracious me!" she said.

But she said it in a terrible, great big bark! And she fell over backward, so surprised was she to hear herself barking.

4. Then the kitten saw her teeny ears on the bunny's head. "Give me back my ears!" she said.

She ran over to the bunny and tried to pull them off.

The bunny saw his long ears on the kitten's head. "Give me back my ears!" he said. He tried to pull them off too.

And the dog ran around them, meowing like a cat.

"Oh, dear!" barked the cat. "What happened to us?"

"Everyone was fine," meowed the dog, "until the rag man came."

The bunny had hiccups, he was so upset. "The — sneezes — did — it!" he said between hiccups.

They brought him a drink of water.

"Now what are we going to do?" said the dog in his baby-kitten voice.

They thought and thought and then the bunny said, "We must find the rag man."

"And make him put everything back the way it was," said the dog. "If he can!"

5. So they set out to find the rag man.

Soon they met a goose without any feathers. The goose was carrying all her feathers in a little basket.

"Pardon us," said the bunny, the cat, and the dog, "but did you see a rag man go by this way?"

"Can't you see that he did?" asked the goose, angrily stamping her foot. "He sneezed off all my feathers! And I'm going to find him and make him put them back on again—if he can!"

So they all went along together.

Pretty soon they met a rooster carrying his comb in his beak. His tail feathers grew on top of his head.

"Pardon us," said the bunny, the cat, the dog, and the pink goose, "but did you see—"

"That awful rag man!" said the rooster angrily. "It's wicked to go around sneezing folks' combs off! I'm going to make him put it back again—if he can!"

So they all went along together.

And pretty soon they met a little girl standing in the road, curling her toes and crying after two long braids had been sneezed right off her head!

So she and the animals all went along together.

Pretty soon they met a little boy, who looked queer because he was wearing only half a jacket, and only one shoe. He held the other half of his jacket, and the other shoe was stuck very tightly upside down on his head.

"So you've been sneezed at too?" the little boy said to the animals and the little girl. "Let's find that rag man," he said, "and make him fix us up—if he can!"

6. So they all went along together, and walked and walked until they came to a tumble-down house with an old horse and wagon standing in front. And inside the house someone sneezed — "KERCHAYA!"

The sneeze blew the horse and wagon up into the air. They came down again on the roof of the tumble-down house.

"This is the right place all right!" said the little boy. So the funny animals and the queer little boy and girl ran into the rag man's house and crowded around him.

"What will my mother say when I tell her I've lost my pigtails?" cried the little girl.

"They'll laugh at me in school with a shoe on my head!" cried the little boy.

"No one will love me with these little ears!" squeaked the bunny.

"Or me with these big ears!" barked the cat.

"How can I guard the house without my great big bark?" meowed the dog.

"I'll freeze without my feathers!" cried the goose.

"No barnyard will have me!" cried the rooster.

"Please don't be angry, my dears," said the rag man. "I guess my sneezes must be magic. I will do my best to sneeze everything right again."

7. So the rag man sat down to sneeze a magic sneeze. "Just sprinkle a little pepper on my nose to help," he said.

So the little girl poured a BIG swish of pepper on the rag man's nose, and suddenly — "CHOO! BUTTONMY-SHOE! SWITCHEROO!" he sneezed.

The furniture flew out of the window! The house lifted into the air! So did the horse and wagon. So did the fence. And they all came down with a bang in an utterly different place, a much nicer place than before.

"More pepper!" gasped the rag man. The little girl threw the can of pepper at him. Then —

"KATCHOO!" The bunny's ears and the kitten's ears flew into the air and came down in their right places!!

"KATCHIM!" The dog jumped up and barked!!

"KATCHAM!" The kitten mewed.

"KATCHIBBLE!" The feathers in the

little basket flew onto the goose again!

"FIDDLE-FADDLE!" The little girl's pigtails were back on her head.

"SKEDADDLE!" The little boy's jacket and shoes were where they should be!

"FUMADIDDLE!" The rooster's comb flew onto his head and his tail feathers stuck where tail feathers should grow!

Everything was back the way it was!

Then suddenly the rag man looked sneezy again. "Run," he cried. "Run while I hold my nose!"

So everyone ran all the way home before the rag man could sneeze again.

— OLGA CABRAL

ON YOUR OWN

Suppose you were an artist who had to draw pictures to illustrate this story. You want to draw all the characters *after* the ragman had passed by. Look back at the story. Underline the words that tell you how to draw each character. Then write these details beside each name below.

the bunny _____

the kitten _____

the dog _____

the goose _____

the rooster _____

the little girl _____

the little boy _____

Catch the Feather

1. Like ourselves, birds and animals have their fun. Anyone who has watched them knows that they play games. The tree swallows, for instance, play a game that you would call "Catch the Feather."

2. The game starts with one swallow flying high into the sky with a breast feather in its bill. It is followed closely by the rest of the flock. Suddenly it drops the feather.

Immediately the whole flock swoops after the feather as it floats in the wind. The first bird to catch it moves rapidly upwards again and in turn releases it. This is repeated over and over again until the feather falls into the grass, or onto the surface of a lake, and is lost.

If the feather lands on bare ground, however, the birds keep diving at it

until one of them succeeds in picking it up while in rapid flight.

3. Once, as I watched the game, I heard a sharp "click" as each bird passed over the spot where the feather had fallen. Later, I found the cause of the "click." I discovered that what the birds thought was the feather was a small piece of a broken saucer.

4. Several times I have joined in the birds' game when they lost the feather in the tall grass. While the birds swooped over the grass, I picked up the feather and tossed it in the air. Each time, the feather was captured by one of the swallows, and the game was on again.

Some day, if you watch tree swallows closely, you might see them playing "Catch the Feather."

ON YOUR OWN

Some of the words in the selection "Catch the Feather" tell *when* something happened and some tell *where*. Find the words below in the selection and underline them. Then, in the columns below, put T after each word that tells when, and S after each word that tells where.

high _____

upwards _____

once _____

while _____

some day _____

several times _____

in the air _____

immediately _____

over and over _____

on the surface _____

after the feather _____

into the sky _____

suddenly _____

over the grass _____

The Golden Windows

1. All day long the little boy worked hard, in field and barn and shed, for his people were poor farmers; but at sunset there came an hour that was all his own, for his father had given it to him. Then the boy would go up to the top of a hill and look across at another hill some miles away. On this far hill stood a house with windows of clear gold and diamonds. They shone and blazed, so that it made the boy wink to look at them; but after a while the people in the house put up shutters, as it seemed, and then it looked like any common farmhouse.

One day the boy's father called him and said, "You have been a good boy and have earned a holiday. This day will be your very own."

The boy put a piece of bread in his pocket and set out to find the house with the golden windows.

It was pleasant walking. His bare feet made marks in the white dust, and, when he looked back, the footprints seemed to be following him and making company for him. His shadow, too, kept beside him and would dance or run with him as he pleased; so it was very cheerful. By-and-by he felt hungry; and he sat down by a brown brook and ate his bread. Then he scattered the crumbs for the birds and went on his way.

2. After a long time he came to a high green hill; and when he had climbed the hill, there was the house on the top; but it seemed that the shutters were up, for he could not see the golden windows.

He came up to the house; and then he could well have wept, for the windows were of clear glass, like any others, and there was no gold anywhere about them.

A woman came to the door and asked him what he wanted. "I saw your golden windows from our hilltop," he said, "and I came here to see them; but they are only glass."

The woman shook her head and laughed. "We are poor farming people," she said, "and are not likely to have gold about our windows."

She told the boy to sit down and brought him a cup of milk and a cake; then she called her daughter to talk to him and went back to her work.

3. The little girl was barefooted like himself and wore a brown cotton gown; but her hair was golden like the windows he had seen, and her eyes were blue like the sky at noon. She led the boy about the farm and showed him her black calf with the white star on its forehead; and he told her about his own at home, which was red like a chestnut, with four white feet. Then, when they had eaten an apple together, and so had become friends, the boy asked her about the golden windows. The little girl said she knew all about them, only he had mistaken the house.

"You have come quite the wrong way," she said. "Come with me, and I shall show you the house with the golden windows."

They went to a knoll that rose behind the farmhouse, and as they went, the

little girl told him that the golden windows could be seen only at sunset.

4. When they reached the top of the knoll, the girl turned and pointed; and there on a hill far away stood a house with windows of clear gold and diamond, just as he had seen them. And when he looked again, the boy saw that it was his own home. Then he told the little girl that he must go.

The way was long, and it was dark before the boy got home, but the lamplight shone through the windows, making them almost as bright as he had seen them from the hilltop.

"Have you had a good day?" asked his mother.

"Yes," said the boy. "I have learned that our house has windows of gold and diamond."

—LAURA E. RICHARDS

ON YOUR OWN

Read the paragraph and answer the questions.

"The graveyard of ships" they call it. Its name is Sable Island, a mass of dangerous sandbars that shift with the wind. It is often shrouded in fog and battered by gales.

No trees grow on Sable Island, no crops, no flowers; only coarse sand grass and a few cranberry bushes can survive. So loose is the sand that its surface is constantly changing. Often, after a shrieking gale, one can find the skeletons of shipwrecked sailors and the timbers of lost ships that have been buried for years.

1. What is called "the graveyard of ships?" _____

 2. Why is it called that? _____

 3. How might a ship be wrecked there? _____

 4. What is a gale? _____

 5. Why is "shrieking" a good word to describe a gale? _____

 6. Why do no trees, flowers, or crops grow on Sable Island? _____

 7. Why can one find skeletons after a gale? _____

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The Lion-Hearted Kitten

1. Once there was a striped kitten with yellow eyes and a black nose. He was only a very little kitten but he had the heart of a lion. He was as brave as he could be, and one day he started out to conquer the world. The path he took led through a big black wood; down this path the kitten stalked proudly.

Pretty soon, along came a big gray wolf. "Grumble trumble in the jungle, I'm hungry!" growled the wolf, for this is what the wolves say when they are going to eat you up.

2. Now it is all very well to be brave, but it is even better to be clever too. This the kitten knew, so he said boldly: "O Mr. Wolf, I was looking for you. My great-aunt the tigress told me to ask you the way to roast lamb. She says you know so much more about such things than she."

The wolf was impressed and a little flattered. But he was also a little bit suspicious of this kitten, and so he said: "Tell your great-aunt the tigress that I roast lamb the same way I roast kitten."

This really frightened the kitten, but he pretended not to care and said: "Of course, Mr. Wolf, if you really wish me to tell her that, I will do so; but my great-aunt the tigress is rather short of temper and might not like what you say; she has kittens of her own."

"Hmmm," murmured the wolf gazing thoughtfully at the kitten, who was washing its face. "Tell her that roast lamb tastes nice with sage and onions." He turned and ran into the wood.

3. The kitten trotted on along the path and suddenly around a corner he came face to face with a great big enormous snake who was hanging from the branch of a tree. "Hiss swish, wish a dish for dinner!" hissed the snake, for that is what the snakes say when they are going to eat you up.

"O Miss Boa Constrictor," cried the kitten (for that was the snake's name), "I have been looking for you everywhere. My great-aunt the tigress wishes to know the best way to catch birds. She says that you are so clever at it."

4. Now snakes catch little creatures by staring in their eyes till they are so frightened they dare not move; the boa constrictor said: "Watch me closely and I'll show you."

But the kitten was far too wise for that, so he simply looked hard beyond the snake and called out: "Well, I do declare, if that isn't my great-aunt the tigress herself coming this way now!"

The snake whipped round quickly, and the kitten escaped into the wood.

The brave little kitten ran on and on, till by and by very suddenly round a big tree he came face to face with the tigress herself.

This time the kitten for all his courage was much alarmed. His breath came fast and his heart beat rapidly, but his wits did not forsake him.

5. "O Auntie Tigress," he gasped, "I have been hunting and hunting for you till I am all out of breath. My mother,

the golden tigress of the next forest but one, wishes to know what it is your kittens eat which makes them so big and fat. She is worried about me because I am so very small."—After this speech the kitten held his breath, waiting for the tigress to reply.

For a long time the tigress looked at the kitten and sniffed at the kitten and put her head on one side and considered the kitten. After a while she decided that this kitten did look like her kittens save for size; so giving it a motherly lick

of a large kind she said: "You certainly are much too small. Come home with me. I will feed you up and fatten you up."

Away they walked together through the big black wood till they came to the tigress' cave. There the tigress gave the kitten all kinds of meat and bones; and sure enough the kitten began to grow, and he grew and grew until he got to be as big as a cat. The tigress was then well satisfied, and said: "You are now exactly the size of my own kittens."

—PEGGY BACON

ON YOUR OWN

Sometimes we say things that do not mean *exactly* what the words say. For example, if Mother said, "Johnny *hold your tongue*," she doesn't want Johnny to put his fingers around his tongue. She wants Johnny to keep quiet and not *say* anything.

In the story "The Lion-Hearted Kitten" the author uses phrases that do not mean exactly what the words say. In the story find each group of words below. Then tell what you think they mean.

the heart of a lion _____

to conquer the world _____

short of temper _____

I do declare _____

came face to face _____

his wits did not forsake him _____

all out of breath _____

held his breath _____

Read each story. Then write answers to the questions.

The Fox and the Grapes

One day a fox was almost famished. He was very thirsty too. He stole into a vineyard where big bunches of fine ripe grapes hung on the vines. But alas, they were too high for him to reach. He took a run and a jump and snapped at the lowest bunch but he missed. He tried again and again but he couldn't get them. At last he was too tired to try again. He went off muttering, "I didn't want them anyway. I bet they are sour."

What would the fox have done if the grapes had been lower on the vines?

Why did the fox say the grapes were likely sour? _____

List three things that tell you it was hard for the fox to find food. _____

The Dog and the Shadow

One day a dog stole a piece of meat from a butcher shop. He was running away to find a place where he could hide and eat it without having to share it with his family. He had to cross a narrow bridge that was over a deep stream. He looked down into the water and thought he saw another dog with a piece of meat. He made up his mind to have it, too. So he snarled and grabbed at the other dog's meat.

But he dropped his own piece into the water and it was lost. The other dog dropped his, too. The hungry dog went slowly home.

Write three words that describe the dog in the story.

What did the dog really see in the water?

Why did the dog lose his dinner?

Jerry, the Boy Magician

1. Jerry waited for the clapping of the children to stop. Then he began his next magic trick. "For my last trick I'm going to use an empty glass and a handkerchief," he said.

The boys and girls were seated on the floor before him in the living room. Jerry held up an ordinary drinking glass. It was empty. Then he covered the glass with a handkerchief. Slowly he waved his magic wand over the covered glass.

"Now, because it's Harold's birthday, I'm going to ask him to come forward. If there is anything in the glass, he can have it as my birthday present to him."

Harold rushed excitedly to the table. He snatched away the handkerchief and could scarcely believe what he saw. Inside the once empty glass was a sack of marbles!

"How did he do it? How did he do it?" the boys and girls all shouted.

But Jerry didn't say. He thanked Harold and his mother for inviting him to perform his magic tricks at the party.

"Won't you stay and have some birthday cake and ice cream?" Harold's mother asked.

"Thank you, but I have some chores to do at home," Jerry replied.

2. It was almost dark when Jerry wheeled his bicycle into his driveway. Behind him he pulled the wagon which carried his magic tricks.

His mother was removing a pie from the oven. She smiled at him as he sat down at the kitchen table. "Jerry," she said, "Mr. Stone wants you to call him.

He said it was very important."

"Mr. Stone? The banker?" Jerry cried. "You don't suppose the bank has been robbed, do you, Mother?"

"No, I don't think so," she replied. "I believe the money you have earned with your magic is perfectly safe."

Jerry went to the telephone and called Mr. Stone. When he replaced the receiver, he turned to his mother and said, "Another magic show, another five dollars," he said.

"Isn't that nice," Mother replied. "But why does Mr. Stone want you to put on a magic show?"

"It's to be at the children's hospital. He's in charge of entertainment."

"Jerry, you're not going to charge for your magic show at the children's hospital, are you?"

"Sure I am," Jerry replied quickly. "We magicians have to charge."

3. Mother looked at Jerry as he left the kitchen. She thought of the little boy who had seen a magician perform three years ago. It was then that Jerry had decided to be a magician. He studied magic books at the library. He practised tricks day after day, week after week.

Adult magicians charged twenty-five dollars or more for a single magic show. Many parents, who learned that Jerry's show cost only five dollars, employed him to entertain at children's parties.

Jerry's mother followed him into his room. "Jerry," she said, "I wish you would think very carefully about charging for your magic show at the hospital."

"I don't see why, Mother," he replied. "If any group of people wants to see my magic show, the cost is five dollars. And that's cheap enough, I think."

"But some groups just can't afford to hire a magician. I don't think the hospital has that much money to spend for a show."

"Mr. Stone knows that I charge five dollars for my magic shows," Jerry said grimly.

4. As the days passed, Jerry thought about what his mother had said. But he was soon busy practising a new magic trick. It was a money-making machine. He had made it from plans in one of his books about magic. He could place a blank piece of paper into the machine and turn a knob. Out would come real paper money!

The following Saturday afternoon Jerry put on two magic shows. For each he was paid five dollars. That evening, promptly at seven o'clock, he arrived at the children's hospital.

Mr. Stone introduced him, and the children clapped and yelled as Jerry walked out on the small stage.

"Could I have two assistants from the audience?" he asked. The hands of every boy and girl shot into the air.

"Pick me! Pick me!" they shouted.

Jerry selected a boy and a girl. He gave the girl an empty glass. He handed the boy a glass filled with milk. Then he covered each glass with a silk handkerchief. He waved his magic wand. When the handkerchiefs were removed, the little girl's glass was filled with milk. The boy's glass was empty!

The children yelled and clapped.

Each trick brought roars of approval. The children laughed when he produced a bunny from a top hat. When he emptied a pitcher of water into a paper bag and tossed the bag to a young girl who jumped out of the way, they howled with horror. The bag fell to the floor. It was empty!

Never had Jerry performed before such excited and happy children. At last he was ready to show for the first time his new trick—the money-making machine.

Into the machine went a plain piece of paper. Out came a five-dollar bill.

"Do it again," the children shouted.

Jerry smiled and produced a second five-dollar bill.

The young magician picked up the two five-dollar bills and held them up in the air. He looked thoughtfully at his happy audience. "Before coming here tonight I read in the paper that you need a new TV set," Jerry said. "These two five-dollar bills are to help buy it."

Then Jerry left the stage, as the children shouted, clapped, and whistled.

Mr. Stone was removing a five-dollar bill from his wallet when Jerry said, "Wait, Mr. Stone. I want to show you a trick. It's one I've never done before."

Jerry placed a blank piece of white paper into his machine. He turned the knob. Out came a piece of yellow paper. He handed it to Mr. Stone.

The banker looked happily at the paper on which was neatly printed: "This magic show is free. Jerry, the Magician."

—MORRIS B. BAKER

Listen to the Wind

1. In all the pine forest there was no one who was older or wiser than Mr. Brown Bear. He had lived in the forest so long that he knew all the paths and secret places. He knew all that and more—and when the forest people came to him with their problems, he was always willing to help them.

Mr. Bear had a favorite spot where he liked to sit and watch the sun come up and listen to the forest wake; and he liked to sit there in the evening and watch the sun go down and listen to the forest go to sleep.

One fine evening he was sitting in his favorite spot, watching the sky turn gold and rose, and the blue water turn lavender and pink. In the woods the forest sounds were growing smaller and softer. The wind sighed gently through the pine trees.

But while Mr. Bear was thinking how calm the world was, a mother robin came flying out of the pine woods and she wasn't calm at all.

"Oh, Mr. Bear, please help me," cried the robin, in a most distressed voice. "I can't get my babies to sleep at all this evening."

"Well, Mrs. Robin, what's wrong with your babies?" asked Mr. Bear in his kindly way.

"There's nothing wrong with my babies. It's just that those noisy squirrels won't stop quarrelling. If they don't stop, I shall never get my babies to sleep."

"Well," said Mr. Bear. "I suppose I shall have to go and speak to them."

And with that he heaved himself up from his seat on the bluff and turned into the pine forest.

2. The robin flew from branch to branch, leading the way, and Mr. Bear slipped quickly through the trees following her, moving quietly and swiftly.

In a few minutes they came to the tree where Mrs. Robin had her nest. But long before they reached the tree, Mr. Bear could hear the shrill chittering of the squirrels as they raced along the tree branches and round and round the trunk.

"You stole my pine cones," screamed red squirrel.

"I did not! I did not!" screamed gray squirrel back at him.

"You did! You did! I hid them here in this hole. Who else but you would take my pine cones? Who else eats the seeds from the pine cones but us? Where did you take my cones?"

"I didn't take your pine cones, silly. You ate them all yourself."

"Harumph! Harumph!" Mr. Bear cleared his throat. "Not so much noise here. Mrs. Robin is trying to put her babies to sleep."

But the squirrels didn't hear him at all. They went right on racing through the tree and screaming at one another.

"You stole my pine cones!"

"I didn't! I didn't!"

Then Mr. Bear cleared his throat again, but this time he opened his mouth wide and . . . "SILENCE!" he thundered.

In the sudden quiet that followed the roar, the whole forest seemed to listen. The startled squirrels peered down at him from the branch of the pine tree.

"How," said Mr. Bear, in his deep, growly voice, "how can anybody have any peace in this forest with you making all this noise? Now, very quietly, tell me what all this fuss is about."

At once both squirrels started chittering and chattering again, each one trying to tell Mr. Bear his story first.

"I came to my hidey-hole in the pine tree for my pine cones and they were all gone," scolded red squirrel. "Gray squirrel came when I was away and stole them all."

"I didn't! I didn't!" screamed gray squirrel. "Red squirrel hid his cones in a tree and now he's forgotten which one it was."

And away they went again.

3. "Stop it! Stop it!" thundered Mr. Bear. "Stop it, I say. I'll tell you how to find the pine cones."

Again the squirrels stopped quarreling and turned to look down at him.

"How?" they asked together.

"Who goes all over the forest?" asked Mr. Bear.

The squirrels talked together.

"Is it Mr. Wind?" they answered, uncertainly.

"Of course," said Mr. Bear. "And who hears everything that's said and sees

everything that's done?" he went on.

"Mr. Wind," answered the squirrels, more surely.

"That's right. And did you ask Mr. Wind about the cones?"

"Well-ll-ll, no," admitted red squirrel.

"All right, then," said Mr. Bear. "Ask him now, and listen to his answer."

So the squirrels asked the wind where the pine cones had gone, and then they sat quietly in the fork of the branch and listened.

And the wind went "Swish-swoo" through the pine tree, and the branch swayed gently.

"He doesn't say," murmured red squirrel drowsily.

"Hush," said Mr. Bear, "and listen."

And the wind sighed "Swoosh, swoo" very softly through the pines, and the forest gave muffled little sounds of sleepiness.

In a few minutes Mrs. Robin said softly, "Thank you, Mr. Bear. My babies are asleep now. And the squirrels are asleep, too."

"I know," said Mr. Bear. "And when they wake in the morning, they'll remember what became of the pine cones or they'll have forgotten all about the quarrel."

Then Mr. Bear turned and padded back through the forest to his place on the bluff.

—CLARIBEL GESNER

Read the poem. Then answer the questions.

"They Didn't Think"

Once a trap was baited
With a piece of cheese;
It smelled so strong to mousie,
It almost made him sneeze.
An old mouse said: "There's danger;
Be careful where you go!"
"Nonsense," replied the other;
"I don't believe you know!"

So he walked in boldly,
No one was in sight;
First he took a nibble,
Then he took a bite.
Close the trap together
Snapped, as quick as wink,
Catching little mousie there,
Because he "didn't think."

Once a little robin
Stood outside the door;
He wanted to go inside,
And hop upon the floor.
"No, no," said the mother,
"You must stay with me;
Little birds are safest
Sitting in a tree!"

"I don't care," said Robin,
And gave his tail a fling;
"I believe you old folks
Don't know everything."
He went; but Pussy seized him,
Before he'd time to blink.
"Oh," he cried: "I'm sorry!
But I didn't think."

1. Why did the old mouse warn the young one? _____

2. What do you think of the young mouse's answer? Tell why you think this.

3. Did the little mouse deserve to be caught? Why? _____

4. Who do you think set the trap? Do you think they did the right thing? Why?

5. Why did the mother robin not want the little one to go into the house? _____

6. What reason did she give little robin? _____

7. Should she have told him more? Why? _____

8. Did little robin deserve what happened to him? Why do you think so? _____

The Fishin' Summer

Along the shores of Labrador, hundreds of fishing ships were sailing north from Newfoundland to the summer fishing grounds. Or so it seemed to Willy Barclay, this sunny morning in 1892. There were big ships and little ships — schooners and dories as far as eye could see!

But no ship sailed as smoothly as the *Sarah Lee*. And no one was happier than Willy Barclay. For wasn't he nine years old? And wasn't this old enough to help the men lift the nets? It was going to be a wonderful summer.

"No more cuttin' up the fish for me!" he said to his sister Jess. "I won't stay on shore with the women this year!"

"Someone has to look after the fish and clean them and lay them out on the flakes to dry," said Jess.

Willy looked over the deck. There were women and children, chickens and two goats and their old gray cat. You took everything with you when you moved to the Labrador for the summer fishing.

"Look!" Willy cried. "There's Black Rock Tickle just ahead!"

"And there's our tilt!" cried Jess. "As good as we left it!" The gray fishing cabin looked grayer than ever.

The *Sarah Lee* came in so slowly! Willy couldn't wait. Before the schooner touched the rocks, he grabbed the rope and jumped. His heavy boots went *smack!* against the rocks. And then . . .

"Look out, Willy!" Jess shouted.

Willy's foot slipped, and down he went, rolling over and over into the icy water.

Strong hands pulled him out. His mother ran for blankets. Jess pulled at his wet clothes. "Lift your arms!" she said. "If you don't get this sweater off, you'll catch your death of cold."

Willy couldn't lift one arm at all!

"It's just a little hurt," he lied, his face gray with pain.

His father shook his head. "That arm's broken, son," he said. "It will be weeks before you can use it."

"But I'm going fishing with the men!"

"Next year," his father said kindly.

The only job that Willy could do all summer long was to turn the fish over and over in the hot sun. After work he would walk alone on the rocks. There was one high, gray rock where he could sit and watch the schooners sailing by. He was there one day when the wind blew so strongly that the men didn't go out. Suddenly Willy saw something.

"Iceberg!" he yelled. "It's headin' for the nets and it's wonderful big!"

The men ran for their boats and rowed toward the nets. An iceberg could cut a net to bits and ruin the whole fishing season.

From his rock, Willy watched them row against the wind. The berg was closer now — and what if the men were too late!

Jess climbed up beside him on the rock. "I think they've got the nets!" she said at last. "Look, Willy! They've done it! You saw the iceberg just in time! You saved our nets, Willy!"

"Why . . . yes, I guess I did!" said Willy in surprise. And he looked at Jess and grinned.

— ADELAIDE LEITCH

Read each of the paragraphs. Write the main idea of each. In your notebooks write one or two sentences that tell the main idea of the whole selection.

Long, long ago, in the Land of Light Plentiful, which we now call Canada, by the shores of the Great Deep Water, which we now call the Pacific Ocean, there was a very famous tree. He was not in the least like other trees. He was a king. He was tall and straight. He could see much farther than other trees, and he was wise and proud. All the animals came to him for advice. His name was known even to the beasts away across the hills. He was called King Totem.

In King Totem's country there lived Kawa the beaver. He was busy one day repairing his house, when he saw in the distance something that made the fur on his long shiny coat stand up on end. It was Ga-Laga the dragon. Now all the animals had heard about this dreaded beast that long ago had roamed the land destroying everything in its path.

Kawa hurried as fast as he could to tell King Totem and to ask his advice. He was so excited that he could hardly collect enough breath to tell the king, who stood very patiently till Kawa was ready to speak. When Kawa had finished his story, King Totem suggested to him that he prove his great courage by ridding the land of this fierce monster.

Kawa was naturally frightened, but he did not want the king to see his

fear, so he went off to think. He decided to watch the dragon from a safe distance. He noticed that Ga-Laga always slept on a log near the Water that Runs Swiftly.

The very next night, when the dragon was off hunting, Kawa crept up to the log and began to chisel it away at one end till it was nearly bitten through. Ga-Laga had thought he was very clever to pick a log that hung over the river, for there he kept cool, but this time, as he stretched out to rest, the log snapped, and he was thrown into the Water that Runs Swiftly and never seen again.

Kawa was very pleased with what had happened and ran back to tell his king. Totem was glad to hear of the beaver's success, and suggested that he carve a likeness of himself on the bottom of the king's powerful trunk. It was well known that this would not hurt the king, for he was not like other trees.

Kawa set to work with his sharp chisel teeth, and soon the carving was finished. It would remind all the animals in the land of the great deeds of Kawa the beaver. All the animals' children, and their children's children, would remember Kawa the beaver.

Read the sentences below. Underline the words or phrases that help you to hear what is happening.

1. Suddenly a very growly voice growled, "Ho, ho! What's all the noise about?" And there stood Henry Bear.
2. He was not woof-woofing now. As he ran he yelped and howled. The robins flew screeching after him.
3. Thunder grumbled and growled in the sky. Suddenly the rain and hail and wind stopped. There was silence. Nothing stirred.
4. Suddenly he heard someone shouting, "You boys! You boys up there! Come down here!"

In these sentences underline words or phrases that help you to see things moving.

5. The big gull swooped and glided above the lake. Like a white arrow he dived into the water.
6. They watched the trout darting from one side of the stream to the other.
7. The fox came slinking along, weaving his way through the tall grass.

In these sentences underline words or phrases that help you to picture what is happening.

8. She didn't notice the sky getting darker and darker as the black storm-clouds gathered. She didn't notice the classroom darken as the clouds covered the sun.
9. There was another blazing streak of lightning, and this time the blast of thunder that followed seemed to shake the whole classroom.
10. Reggie was so busy talking that he tripped over the wire. Down he fell head over heels, right into a mud puddle. Rover bounded right in after him, making the mud fly all over.
11. There in the dark he could see something moving. Something white. Something white moving slowly on the wall. Was it a ghost?
12. Then she peered and she sniffed and she stamped some more. But there was nothing in the clearing now but her own little skunks, picking themselves up, shaking the daisies from their fur, and looking as ruffled as leaves in a wind storm.

The Cat and the Bird: How a Clever Trick Saved a Life

One day a beautiful cat was walking near the palace of a king. She was very proud of her good looks and fine manners.

Now, on that morning, she was very hungry. She was looking for something to eat. All at once a little bird hopped on the grass and the cat caught him with her paw.

The poor bird was very frightened. "What shall I do?" he thought. "I must trick the cat or die."

Then the bird said to the cat, "What are you going to do with me?"

"I'm going to eat you," the cat replied.

"Oh," said the bird, "I will be proud to be eaten by such a fine cat as you. Don't you come from the king's palace?"

"No," answered the cat, "I wonder what it's like there."

"Oh, everything is very fine," said the little bird. "Even the cats have very nice manners. Just like you."

"I'm sure my manners are just as nice as those of the cats in the palace," said the proud cat.

"I'm glad," said the bird. "I don't want to be eaten by a cat with bad manners. I hope you'll wash before eating. The palace cats always do."

The proud cat said, "I always wash before I eat. I told you I have very fine manners."

And she began to wash her face with one paw while she held the bird with her other paw.

"Don't you look in a mirror when you wash?" asked the little bird. "All the cats in the palace do."

"Of course!" answered the proud cat. "But I do not have a mirror with me."

"There's a little mirror under the tree," said the bird.

The cat ran over to the tree to get the mirror and away flew the clever bird, crying, "Have a nice lunch, Mr. Cat."

ON YOUR OWN

Finish the conversation below. First you will have to decide who is talking.

"Do you ever go fishing?" _____

"No," _____

"Would you like to go with me this afternoon?" _____

The Tar-Baby

1. Brer Fox was very angry to think that Brer Rabbit had tricked him so often. And he made up his mind to harm Brer Rabbit somehow or other.

So one day Brer Fox got some tar, and mixed it with turpentine; then he worked it about until he had made it into the shape of a big doll or Tar-Baby. After that he put a tall hat on Tar-Baby's head, and laughed.

"This Tar-Baby will catch Brer Rabbit, I'm thinking!" he chuckled.

He took the Tar-Baby and set it down in the road, and then went to hide in the bushes to see what would happen.

2. He had not waited long before Brer Rabbit came along the road — lippitty-clippitty, clippitty-lippitty — just as cheeky as you please.

Brer Fox lay low. Brer Rabbit came prancing along until he saw the Tar-Baby, and then he stood quite still in surprise. The Tar-Baby sat there, as quiet as a mouse, and Brer Fox still lay low.

"Good morning!" said Brer Rabbit to the Tar-Baby. "Nice weather we're having!"

3. The Tar-Baby said nothing at all.

"What's the matter with you? Are you deaf?" asked Brer Rabbit. "Because, if you are, I can shout louder!"

The Tar-Baby stayed still, and Brer Fox lay low. "You're stuck-up and proud, that's what you are!" said Brer Rabbit loudly. "I'm going to box your ears, that's what I'm going to do!"

Brer Fox chuckled to himself, but the Tar-Baby said nothing at all.

"I'm going to teach you how to answer when you're spoken to," said Brer Rabbit fiercely. "If you don't take off your hat and say, 'How do you do,' I'm going to hit you hard!"

The Tar-Baby said not a word, and Brer Fox lay low.

4. Well, Brer Rabbit kept on asking the Tar-Baby questions, and still he got no answer. So at last Brer Rabbit raised his hand, and "blip!" he struck the Tar-Baby on the side of the head. His hand at once stuck in the tar, and he could not pull it out. The tar held it tight. But the Tar-Baby stayed as quiet as ever, and Brer Fox still lay low.

"If you don't let me go, I'll hit you again!" said Brer Rabbit. With that he hit the Tar-Baby with his other hand, and that stuck too! Still the Tar-Baby said nothing at all.

"Let me go before I kick you to pieces!" shouted Brer Rabbit angrily; but the Tar-Baby did not answer a word. It just held on, and when Brer Rabbit kicked with both his feet, it held on to those too! Then Brer Rabbit yelled out that if the Tar-Baby didn't let go, he would butt her in with his head.

And then he butted, and his head got stuck. And now Brer Rabbit couldn't move an inch!

Out came Brer Fox from the bushes.

5. "How do you do, Brer Rabbit?" cried Brer Fox. "You look rather stuck-

up this morning!" And he rolled on the ground, and laughed and laughed till he couldn't laugh any more.

"I expect you'll come and have dinner with me this time, Brer Rabbit," said Brer Fox. "I shan't take any excuse!" And then he rolled on the ground and laughed again.

At last he got up, wiped his eyes, and said, "Well, I expect I've got you this time, Brer Rabbit. Perhaps I haven't, but I think I have! You've been running round tricking me for a mighty long time. Well, there you are, and there you'll stay till I make a pile of wood and light it up, because I'm going to roast you, today, sure as anything!"

6. Then Brer Rabbit began to speak in a very low, humble voice.

"I don't care *what* you do with me, Brer Fox," he said, "so long as you don't throw me into that brier-patch. Roast me if you like, but oh, please, don't throw me into that brier-patch!"

"It's too much trouble to make a fire," said Brer Fox, "so I think I'd better *hang* you."

"Hang me as high as you please, Brer Fox," said Brer Rabbit, "but for pity's sake, *don't* throw me into that brier-patch!"

"I haven't got any string," said Brer Fox, "so I expect I'd better *drown* you."

"Drown me as deep as you please, Brer Fox," said Brer Rabbit, "but don't throw me into that brier-patch!"

"There isn't any water near," said Brer Fox, "so I think I'll *skin* you."

"Skin me, do, Brer Fox!" said Brer Rabbit. "Tear out my eyes and cut off my legs, but please, *please*, Brer Fox, *don't* throw me into that brier-patch!"

Well, Brer Fox wanted to hurt Brer Rabbit as much as he could, so he thought he *would* throw him into that prickly brier-patch. And he caught him by his hind legs and slung him right into the middle of it!

7. Brer Rabbit went head over heels, rolling in the brier-patch, and Brer Fox ran up to see what had happened. But when he got there, he saw no Brer Rabbit at all!

But by and by Brer Fox heard somebody calling him, and away up the hill he saw Brer Rabbit. He was sitting cross-legged on a log, combing the tar out of his hair.

Then Brer Fox knew he had been tricked again. And he was terribly angry when he heard Brer Rabbit call out, "I was bred and born in a brier-patch, Brer Fox! Bred and born in a brier-patch!" And off he skipped, as cheeky and merry as ever!

— ENID BLYTON

To Your Good Health

1. Long, long ago there lived a Tsar who was such a mighty ruler that whenever he sneezed he expected everyone in his kingdom to say "To your good health!" Everyone said it, except a shepherd with bright, blue eyes. He would not say it.

The Tsar heard of this and was very angry. He sent for the shepherd to come before him.

The shepherd came and stood before the throne, where the Tsar sat looking very grand and powerful. But grand and powerful as he might be, the shepherd was not one bit afraid of him.

2. "Say at once, 'To my good health!'" cried the Tsar.

"To my good health!" replied the shepherd.

"To mine — to mine, you rascal!" stormed the Tsar.

"To mine, to mine, Your Majesty," was the answer.

"But to mine — to my own," roared the Tsar, beating his breast in a rage.

"Well, yes; to mine, of course, to my own," cried the shepherd and gently tapped his breast.

The Tsar was beside himself with fury. He could not think what to do.

The Lord Chamberlain whispered to the shepherd, "Say at once — say this very moment: 'To your good health, Your Majesty.' If you don't say it, you will lose your life."

"No, I won't say it till I get your daughter, the Tsarevna, for my wife," said the shepherd.

3. The Tsarevna was sitting on a little throne beside the Tsar. She looked as lovely as a little golden dove. When she heard what the shepherd said, she could not help laughing. This young shepherd pleased her greatly — more than any Tsar's son she had yet seen.

But the Tsar was not as pleasant as his daughter. He gave orders to throw the shepherd into the white bear's pit. So guards led him away and thrust him into the pit with the white bear, who had eaten nothing for two days.

The door of the pit was hardly closed before the bear rushed at the shepherd. But when it saw his eyes it shrank away into a corner and gazed at him from there. It did not dare to touch him. Instead it sucked its own paws from sheer hunger. The shepherd knew that if he took his eyes off the beast he would be killed. To keep awake and hold the bear with his eyes, he made up songs and sang them.

Thus the night went by.

Next morning the Lord Chamberlain came, expecting to see the shepherd's bones. He was amazed to find him alive!

4. He led him back to the Tsar, who fell into a furious temper and said, "Well, having been near death, now will you say, 'To my good health?'"

But the shepherd answered, "I am not afraid of ten deaths. I will only say it if I may have the Tsarevna for my wife."

"Then go to your death," cried the Tsar. He ordered him to be thrown into a den with wild boars.

The wild boars had not been fed for a week. When the shepherd was thrust into their den, they rushed at him to tear him to pieces. But the shepherd took a little flute from his sleeve and began to play a merry tune. At first the wild boars shrank away. Then they got upon their hind legs and danced gaily.

They looked so funny that the shepherd would have given anything to be able to laugh. But he dared not stop playing, for he knew that the moment he stopped the boars would fall upon him and tear him to pieces. The wild boars danced slowly until he began to play faster. Then they could hardly twist and turn quickly enough. Faster and faster he played, until the boars fell over each other in a heap, breathless and worn out.

At last the shepherd dared to laugh. He laughed long and loud. When the Lord Chamberlain came early in the morning, expecting to find only his bones, tears of laughter were still running down his cheeks.

5. As soon as the Tsar was dressed, the shepherd was again brought before him. The Tsar was more angry than ever to think the wild boars had not torn the shepherd to bits. He said to him, "Well, you have learned how it feels to be near ten deaths. Now say, 'To my good health!'"

The shepherd simply replied, "I do not fear a hundred deaths. I will say it only if I may have the Tsarevna for my wife."

"Then go to a hundred deaths!" roared the Tsar, and he ordered the

shepherd to be thrown down the deep Well of Knives.

The guards dragged him away to a dark dungeon. In the middle of it was a deep well with long, sharp knife blades sticking out all around it. At the bottom of the well was a little light to show when anyone thrown in had fallen to the bottom.

When they came to the dungeon, the shepherd begged the guards to leave him alone a little while so that he might look down into the well. Perhaps he might, after all, make up his mind to say "To your good health!" to the Tsar.

So the guards left him alone. The shepherd stuck up his long stick near the well. He hung his cloak around it and put his hat on the top. He also hung his knapsack inside the cloak so that it might seem to have a body within it. When all this was done, he called out to the guards. He said that he had considered the matter but, after all, he could not say what the Tsar wished.

The guards came in. But the shepherd had hidden in a dark corner. They threw the hat and cloak, knapsack and stick, all down the well together. They looked to see that the light went out at the bottom, and left. Each thought this really was the end of the shepherd. He was laughing to himself all the time.

6. Quite early next morning, in came the Lord Chamberlain, carrying a lamp. He nearly fell over backward when he saw the shepherd alive and well.

When the Lord Chamberlain brought the shepherd to the throne, the Tsar's fury was greater than ever. He cried

out, "Well, now that you have been near a hundred deaths, will you say, 'To your good health'?"

But the shepherd answered as before, "Not until Tsarevna is my wife."

"Perhaps after all you may do it for less," said the Tsar. He saw that there was no chance of doing away with the shepherd, so he ordered his coachman to drive himself and the shepherd to the silver wood. When they reached it, the Tsar said: "Do you see this wood? Well, if you say 'To your good health,' I will give it to you."

The shepherd became hot and cold by turns, but he persisted, "I will not say it until the Tsarevna is my wife."

The Tsar was much vexed. He drove on until they came to a splendid castle, all of gold, and then he said: "Do you see this golden castle? Well, I will give you that too, both the silver wood and the golden castle, if you will say that one thing to me, 'To your good health.'"

The shepherd gazed and wondered. He was quite dazzled, but he only said, "No, I will not say it until I have the Tsarevna for my wife."

The Tsar was overwhelmed with feeling. He gave orders to drive on to the diamond pond. There he tried once more. "Do you see this diamond pond? I will give you that too, the silver wood and the golden castle and the diamond pond. You shall have them all - all - if you will but say 'To your good health!'"

The shepherd had to shut his eyes tight not to be dazzled by the brilliant pond. But still he said, "No, no; I will not say it until I have the Tsarevna for my wife."

7. The Tsar saw, then, that all his efforts were useless. He might as well give in. So he said, "It's all the same to me. I will give you my daughter. But, then, you really and truly must say to me, 'To your good health!'"

"Of course I'll say it. Why should I not say it? It stands to reason that I shall say it then."

At this the Tsar was more delighted than anyone could have believed. He made it known all through the country that there was to be great rejoicing: the Tsarevna was going to be married.

And everyone did rejoice that the Tsarevna had fallen in love with the blue-eyed shepherd.

There was such a wedding as had never been seen before. Everyone ate and drank and danced. All newborn children were given presents.

The greatest merrymaking was in the Tsar's palace. There the best bands played and the best food was cooked. And all was fun and merrymaking.

According to custom, a great roasted boar's head was carried in and placed before the Tsar. The savory smell of the meat was so strong that the Tsar began to sneeze with all his might.

"To your very good health!" cried the shepherd before anyone else. And the Tsar was so delighted that he did not regret having given him his daughter.

In time, when the old Tsar died, the shepherd succeeded him. He made a very good ruler and never expected his people to wish him well against their will. All the same, everyone did wish him well, for they all loved him.

— VIRGINIA HAVILAND

Think about the story "To Your Good Health." The three words below tell how the king often felt. Read each sentence and write the correct numeral on the line to show how the king felt.

(1) angry

(2) excited

(3) proud

_____ All the people bowed and said
"To your good health."

_____ He stormed, "Say it, you rascal!"

_____ He was beside himself with fury.

_____ The shepherd was first to say
"To your good health."

_____ He roared for the guards.

_____ He smiled at the lovely princess,
his daughter.

_____ He saw the shepherd walking
out of the boars' pit.

_____ He saw his daughter married to
the shepherd.

_____ He waited for the shepherd to
decide about the golden castle.

_____ The shepherd would not say
"To your good health."

_____ He shouted, "This minute! Say
it this minute."

Write your answers on the lines.

It seems that the king was usually _____.

When he was angry, he showed it by

1. _____.

2. _____.

When I get angry, I show it by

1. _____.

2. _____.

When a little baby is angry, he shows it by

1. _____.

2. _____.

When Brer Rabbit was angry, he

1. _____.

2. _____.

Brer Fox was not usually angry. He was more likely to be _____.

He showed he was _____ by

1. _____.

2. _____.

A Handful of Balloons

1. Everyone was going to the big carnival at the playground. Sammy's mother had given him some nickels and dimes and then Uncle Henry gave him some quarters. He had plenty of money to ride on the merry-go-round and the Ferris wheel and the little boats that went round and round in the water. He had money to buy popcorn and peanuts and cotton candy. And he had money to fish in the fish pond until he had a whole pocketful of prizes.

But Sammy didn't want to go on the rides or eat popcorn and candy, or fish in the fish pond. He just wanted to buy all the balloons he could hold.

The first thing he saw at the playground was the big Ferris wheel going round and round. He heard the music of the merry-go-round and saw the colored horses but he didn't stop. Near the popcorn wagon, Sammy saw some big, round balloons bobbing in the air.

He ran to the balloon man and held out his money. "I want this many balloons," he said eagerly.

"What!" said the balloon man. "That's enough money to buy all my balloons."

"Then I want all of them," Sammy said.

The balloon man put the strings in Sammy's hands.

2. And what do you think? Sammy went up — up into the air. Up, up, up. He went up, up, up—high as the birds that fly.

Most of the birds seemed to be afraid of him. But one little bluejay flew back

and forth, saying nasty things to Sammy. When he put out his hand to chase it away, the bluejay became angry. It flew right at the bunch of balloons. "Pop, pop!" It broke two balloons with its beak. Sammy noticed that he floated lower in the sky after that.

He was just as high as the house-tops, and was floating toward the street where he lived.

3. His friend, Mr. Merkle, was cutting the lawn.

"Hello, Mr. Merkle," Sammy called.

Mr. Merkle looked up. "Hello, Sammy. It's warm today, isn't it?" he said. He didn't seem surprised at all. You see, Mr. Merkle had a little boy of his own.

"Wait, Sammy," he called. "While you're up there, will you do a favor for me?"

"Sure, Mr. Merkle," replied Sammy.

"Will you throw Ronnie's kite down from over by the chimney?"

Sammy kicked his feet so he would float to the chimney. He sat on the edge of the roof while the balloons bobbed above him.

"Let go of one of the balloons, Sammy. You'll be able to stay down better," said Mr. Merkle. Sammy let go of the string of a purple balloon. It floated up and away as if it were glad to be free. Then Sammy untangled the cord of Ronnie's kite, and threw it down to Mr. Merkle.

"Any time you want to come down a little bit, just you let go of a balloon,

Sammy. When you want to go home for lunch, let them go, one by one, but not all at once," Mr. Merkle said.

Sammy hopped off the roof and kicked his feet in the direction of his own house. He let go of the strings of two more balloons and came down some more.

4. Joey Cooper was walking along the sidewalk. Joey was ten years old, and bossy. Sammy decided to play a trick on him.

"Hello, Joey!" he called.

He let go of two more balloons so that he was just above Joey's head. He pointed the toe of his shoe down and lifted Joey's cap off his head.

Joey shook his fist at Sammy. "You wait until I get you! You'll be sorry!"

Sammy laughed. "You'll never get me," he said. He was still too high for Joey to reach.

Joey put his hand into his pocket and brought out his slingshot. He picked up three stones. Ping! Ping! Ping!

"Pop! Pop! Pop!" went the last three balloons. Down came Sammy on the ground with a sudden "plop!"

5. "Sammy!" his mother called. "You fell out of bed again! But it's time to get up anyway. Today is the day for the carnival. Remember?"

—BESS NIEHAUS

ON YOUR OWN

Think about each of the sentences below. Write **T** after each sentence that states a true fact; write **H** after each sentence that tells something that *could* happen; write **M** after each sentence that is make-believe.

1. Beavers have very sharp teeth. _____
2. The little elf climbed up on the little rocket and shouted, "Blast off!" _____
3. Many people live in apartment houses. _____
4. Joey showed his new friend his baby brother. _____
5. In our country we see elephants only in zoos and circuses. _____
6. Sammy's balloons carried him up, up, up into the air. _____
7. Sammy bought a lot of balloons. _____
8. The wild boars got up on their hind legs and danced. _____
9. Our year is divided into twelve months. _____
10. The city mouse said, "How silly you are to live here. Come and live with me in the city." _____
11. Mice can live in a city. _____
12. The boys built a house in a tree. _____

Here are the opening paragraphs of some books and stories. Read each one. If you think it begins a *make-believe tale*, write the numeral 1 in the box. Write a 2 if you think it begins a *story about something that might happen*. Write a 3 if you think it is from a *book that tells about true facts*. Sometimes it will be the whole paragraph that tells you, but sometimes there will be some words that help you to decide. Underline these words.

1. Once there was a Kingdom called Anthropy, which wasn't really a kingdom, because it was ruled by three old women. These old women were: Miss Trust, who never trusted anyone; Miss Giving, who was afraid to give anything; and Miss Rule, who always ruled everyone badly. Because of its three rulers the country was sometimes known as Misanthropy (which is a word that means: Hating-people). ☐

after a tribe of Indians, the Ottawas, who lived in that area long before there was a city. ☐

2. Long ago, in the land of What's-Its-Name, there lived a king named King What's-His-Name. King What's-His-Name was a good king, except for one fault. He had a very poor memory for the everyday things.

He could remember difficult names like Dianthus Caryophyllus, the proper name for carnations. He could remember Neotoma Cinerea, the proper name for the friendly pack rat who lived in the woods at the end of the royal garden. He could even remember that it was nine thousand and forty-eight and one-half miles to Timbuktu. ☐

4. This morning, just like every other morning, Jessica waited until Mama was busy feeding Davey. Then she opened the door quietly and ran across the yard.

"Jessica!" Mama had come to the door with the baby in her arms. "Where are you off to?" she said. ☐

3. Ottawa is the capital of our country. People come from all parts of Canada and from many other countries to visit it. Queen Victoria chose Ottawa as the capital of Canada more than a hundred years ago. It was called Ottawa

5. Have you ever wondered, as you watched butterflies and moths flying around, how such beautiful creatures could once have been slow-moving caterpillars? When you learn the whole life story of these insects, you will find that there are other stages than the caterpillar stage. The life stories of butterflies, and indeed of all other insects, are interesting and often surprising. You can see many parts of their stories by keeping insects in your classroom. ☐

6. Broken Feather was an Indian Boy, a happy Indian boy, for that very day his family had come to live in a new place. Broken Feather liked moving days, for there was always much to do. All morning he had been helping Father to build their teepee, and now he was hungry. ☐

USE AFTER INTERPRETATION LESSON 18.

DIRECTIONS: Discuss the directions with the pupils. When the page has been completed, have the pupils justify their answers.

The Noisy Witch

1. There once lived a witch who creaked when she walked and squeaked when she sat. She made so much noise sitting and walking that she had all but given up cackling; which was a shame, because her cackles made chills run up and down the spines of the leaves. Her creaking and squeaking was so loud that she couldn't get to sleep. And it kept the whole neighborhood awake.

The Grumble, who lived next door, shouted at her from his window. He yelled things like "You're just a rickety old witch!" and "Shut up, you old rickety-rick!" It made her so nervous that her hair stood on end. So this poor witch had to go about with her hair standing on end, while she creaked and squeaked. She sounded like a haunted gate, and looked like an upside down broom. This was all very bad.

2. Anyone who can't be quiet can't be sneaky. The other witches, who were all very sneaky, said that unless she stopped making so much noise she would have to stop being a witch. She had already given up flying on her broom because people just looked up and said, "There's that rickety witch again."

Poor witch, she didn't know what to do. She tried taking hot honey baths, but they only made her sticky, and along with all the other noises she had started making sticky sounds. She had to sit in a tub of cold water for three hours to get the sticky stuff off. After that she got a cold and went around for a week creaking, squeaking, sniffing,

and sneezing. The Grumble yelled at her more than ever, calling her a "stupid, ugly, silly, rickety-rickety-rack witch," which made her hair grow three inches and curled her toes. It also made her sniffle so much that for a while she couldn't even hear all her creaking and squeaking. The only nice thing about it was that it made her look worse than ever before. When she saw how awful she looked she was so pleased that she cackled for half an hour—and even the Grumble was a little frightened by that.

She thought that if she said "shhh" and "hush" and "Quiet please" to herself the noises would be polite and go away. But every time she said "shhh" or "hush" or "Quiet please" she heard squeak, Creak, SQUICK! And that was when she was standing still!

3. Finally she went to see the Slipp. The Slipp is so sneaky that most people don't even know about him. When he heard her coming he was sneaking around a rock. He had to stop sneaking so that the witch could find him.

The Slipp spoke gruffly. "Well, rickety witch, what do you want?"

"I want to know how I can stop making so much noise," she said.

"You certainly are a dumb rickety witch. Anyone but you would know what to do. First of all you must climb to the top of the highest whispering, weeping willow tree you can find. Sit up there all one day and all one night saying 'Sassafrass' over and over again to yourself. Do not come down

until the birds are up and singing 'Tweedle-dee-d'ay.'

"When you come down you will be so sneaky and quiet that even the rising, peering, peeking morning sun will not know that you are up and about."

4. The very next day the witch climbed to the top of the highest, whispering, weeping willow tree she could find. The willow tree was so alarmed by all the creeks, squeaks, and squicks, that it stopped all of its whispering, hushing its every bough and leaf. Finally, with a loud CREAK, she reached the top of the tree. She sat up there for a whole day saying, "Sassafrass, Sassafrass" over and over again to herself. No one paid any attention to her until that night.

An owl flying by the tree heard "Sassafrass, Sassafrass, Sassafrass." It was just about the most ridiculous thing he had ever heard. He said, "Whooo?"

And she said, "Sassafrass, Sassafrass."

"Whooo?" He thought this was so funny that he sat perched in a nearby tree, saying "Whooo?" just so he could hear "Sassafrass, Sassafrass."

The next morning when the birds were up and singing "Tweedle-dee-d'ay" she climbed down from the tree. And sure enough, she was so quiet and sneaky that even the rising, peering, peeking morning sun didn't notice her.

She was so happy that the first thing she did was to rush home and get on her broom. She flew right in through the Grumble's bedroom, and swooped and swished over him, and pricked him with the scratchy end of her broom.

When he woke up, she cackled at him and said, "You old Grimbly Grum!" which, of course, is the worst thing you can say to a Grumble. Then she flew out the window, laughing and cackling.

And she lived wickedly ever after.

—MARY ALLISON RYLANDS

ON YOUR OWN

This story has many colorful words that help us to see and to hear the witch. The sentences below are from the story, but some of the colorful words have been left out. Can you think of *other* words that could be put in these sentences?

1. "You're just a _____ old witch!"
2. After that she got a cold and went around for a week _____, _____, and _____.
3. The Slipp is so _____ that most people don't know about him.
4. "You certainly are a _____ witch."
5. She was so _____ and _____ that even the _____, _____ morning sun didn't notice her.

Susan's Cowboy

1. Susan jumped off her bike, leaned it against the side of the garage, and dashed around the corner of the house into the back yard. She hurried over to the patio, where Mary and Betty and Alice were busy coloring.

"Listen!" she said excitedly. "You ought to see who's at my house!"

"Who is it this time?" asked Mary. "Peter Rabbit?"

All the girls laughed.

"No, silly," Susan went on. "It's my Uncle Jim from Texas! He's six feet tall, and he wears cowboy boots, a big hat, and a fancy shirt, and he has his horse in our back yard!"

2. The girls went right on coloring. "What's the horse doing," asked Betty, "eating the daisies?" Again the girls laughed, but nobody stopped coloring.

"The horse is in a trailer," explained Susan. "Do you want to come and see it?"

"Oh, sure," said Alice. "And I'll bet he's purple with pink and orange spots on him, too!" More laughter.

3. "You don't believe me!" cried Susan. "You don't believe a word I've said!"

"Well, no, Susan, we don't," said Mary. "Remember the built-in swimming pool you were getting last week?"

"And how you said you could swim a mile and dive off the high diving board?" said Betty.

"Oh, that!" laughed Susan. "I was just kidding about all that."

"Uh-huh," said Alice. "And what about that big box of candy you said

you had under your bed — that disappeared when we went to get it?"

"I was just teasing about that," laughed Susan. "It was just a joke."

"Like the trip to the moon you were going to take?" said Mary.

"And the dozen new dresses you bought downtown?" said Betty.

"And your new kitty that was three feet tall?" said Alice.

4. "But, listen! All those things I just made up. But this time it's the truth — honest! My uncle from Texas is down at my house and he is wearing cowboy boots and everything, and his horse is in a trailer out in our back yard!"

Susan turned and ran back out the gate and down the sidewalk so fast she forgot all about her bike parked by the garage. She ran into the house with tears streaming down her face.

"Hey, there, little Susan. What's all the trouble?" said a big tall man dressed in cowboy boots and a fancy shirt.

"Oh, Uncle Jim," sobbed Susan, "they don't believe me. They don't believe you're a real cowboy and that your horse is out in our back yard. And just because I made up a few stories. Oh, Uncle Jim, would you come down and meet my friends so they'll believe me?"

"Well, now, Susan," he answered slowly, "I'd like to, but I haven't time. I was just telling your mother that I must hurry on if I'm going to make it to the rodeo in time."

"Oh, dear," cried Susan. "Now they'll never believe me!"

"I'll tell you something, Susan," said Uncle Jim. "You can make your friends believe if you try."

"How?" asked Susan. "How?"

"Just by always telling the truth. You just try it."

After Uncle Jim said good-bye, Susan went back down to Mary's house to get her bike.

"How are your cowboy uncle and his horse?" laughed the girls.

"Oh, they're gone now," said Susan. She sat down on the steps. "May I color with you?" she asked.

"Sure," said Mary.

"These are nice colors," said Susan. "I wish I had some like them."

Mary looked at Betty, and Betty

looked at Alice. "You mean you don't have some bigger and better than these?" they asked.

"Oh, no," explained Susan. "Mine are the small kind, and I don't have so many different shades."

In a few minutes, Mary went into the house and brought out her jump rope. "Let's jump for a while," she said.

"You ought to see my jump rope," began Susan. "It's long and heavy, and it has gold handles, and ---" She stopped, looked down at the ground, and swallowed hard. Then she looked Betty right in the eye and smiled. "No, it isn't," she said. "Mine's just like yours — only maybe a little more worn!"

— EVELYN JAY

ON YOUR OWN

List the things that Susan had done that led the girls to believe that Susan never told the truth.

1. _____
2. _____
3. _____
4. _____

Do you think Susan will always tell the truth from now on? _____

Why or why not? _____

1. I stood very still. John took a tape measure and measured one yard from my ear. Then he held a watch that far away. I listened to the watch ticking. The sound of the watch came through the air to my ear.

Then John got a wooden yardstick. He touched my ear with one end of it and the watch with the other. I listened to the watch ticking. The sound of the watch was going through the wood to my ear.

The sound was much louder the second time.

2. I took a glass of water. I filled a teaspoon with sugar and poured the sugar into the water. I stirred it carefully and the sugar disappeared. I tasted the water and it tasted sweet. Then I took another glass of water and stirred a teaspoon of salt into it. The salt

disappeared. I tasted the water and it tasted salty.

Next I took a glass of water and stirred a teaspoon of flour into it. The flour did not disappear. The water looked milky. I could see the flour in it.

3. I took a big magnet and held it over some pins. The magnet pulled the pins toward it and they stuck to it.

I put a piece of paper over the pins and held the magnet over the paper. The paper and the pins both came up and stuck to the magnet.

Then I covered the pins with a handkerchief. The same thing happened.

Next I put the pins in a glass. As I moved the magnet around outside the glass, the pins moved around too.

Then I put some water in the glass. I put the magnet in the water and the pins jumped up to it.

ON YOUR OWN

Have you performed an experiment? Tell about an experiment. Be sure you describe exactly what you did, what you observed, and what you decided at the end of it.

The Blind Men and the Elephant

It was six men of Indostan,
To learning much inclined
Who went to see the elephant,
(Though all of them were blind),
That each by observation
Might satisfy his mind.

The first approached the elephant
And, happening to fall
Against his broad and sturdy side,
At once began to bawl;
"Why, bless me! but the elephant
Is very like a wall!"

The second, feeling of the tusk,
Cried: "Ho! what have we here
So very round and smooth and sharp?
To me 'tis very clear
This wonder of an elephant
Is very like a spear!"

The third approached the animal
And happening to take
The squirming trunk within his hands,
Thus boldly up he spake:
"I see," quoth he, "the elephant
Is very like a snake!"

The fourth reached out his eager hand
And felt about the knee:
"What most this wondrous beast is like
Is very plain," quoth he:
"'Tis clear enough the elephant
Is very like a tree!"

The fifth who chanced to touch the ear,
Said: "'E'en the blindest man
Can tell what this resembled most —
Deny the fact who can:
This marvel of an elephant
Is very like a fan!"

The sixth no sooner had begun
About the beast to grope
Than, seizing on the swinging tail
That fell within his scope,
"I see," quoth he, "the elephant
Is very like a rope!"

And so these men of Indostan
Disputed loud and long
Each in his own opinion
Exceeding stiff and strong;
Though each was partly in the right,
And all were in the wrong.

—JOHN G. SAXE

	Said it was	Because
First man		
Second man		
Third man		
Fourth man		
Fifth man		
Sixth man		

USE AFTER INTERPRETATION LESSON 21.

DIRECTIONS: Read the first stanza of the poem to the pupils. Instruct them to read the rest of the poem and find out what each man thought the elephant to be like and the reason for his idea; then fill in the chart. Do not allow them to state simply that "he felt the elephant's side," but ask for an explanation of why this made the first man decide it resembled a wall. When the exercise is completed, read the last stanza and discuss the folly of drawing conclusions without considering all the evidence.

The Squeak of the Little Gray Mouse

1. Once a little gray mouse lived in Farmer John's barn. A big black horse and a red cow and a white rooster, and a flock of setting hens lived in the barn too. In the daytime, the little gray mouse crept around the barn, gathering up grain for his meals. At night, he slept in a corner beside the barn door. Every day, he listened to the sounds of the other animals. He heard the strong, mighty neigh of the big black horse.

"It must be wonderful to have a strong, mighty voice like that," the little gray mouse would think. "I wonder if I can neigh?" Then he would try to sound like the big black horse. But all he could give was a tiny squeak.

"Oh, dear," he would cry. "The squeak of a mouse is such a pitiful thing. It sounds so small and weak."

Sometimes the little gray mouse heard the low, deep moo of the red cow. "It must be grand to have a voice like that," he would think. Then he would try to sound like the red cow. But all he could manage was a soft little squeak.

"Oh, dear," he would cry. "The squeak of a mouse is such a pitiful thing. It sounds so small and weak."

At other times, the little gray mouse heard the gay clucks of the setting hens and the trumpeting crow of the white rooster. "It must be fun to have gay trumpeting voices like those," the little gray mouse would think. "I wonder if I can cluck and crow?" Then he would try to sound like the setting hens and the white rooster. But all he could do was squeak softly.

"Oh, dear," he would cry. "The squeak of a mouse is such a pitiful thing. It sounds so small and weak."

The little gray mouse crept about gathering up grain and never stopped to talk with the big black horse, the red cow, the setting hens, or the white rooster. He was afraid they would laugh at his pitiful squeak.

2. One night, after the little gray mouse had settled down in his corner to sleep, he saw a dark shadow fall across the door of the barn. A wicked brown weasel with gleaming yellow eyes and sharp white teeth slipped inside. Quietly, so very quietly, he crept toward the setting hens, who were sleeping on their nests of soft hay.

"SQUEAK! SQUEAK!" warned the little gray mouse. "SQUEAK! SQUEAK! SQUEAK!"

The weasel wheeled around and blinked his fierce yellow eyes. Then quietly he began to creep toward the little gray mouse. The little gray mouse wanted to run and hide but he bravely squeaked his warning to the hens.

Then suddenly, the setting hens began to cluck. CLUCK, CLUCK, CLUCK! Soon the white rooster began to crow, from a beam at the top of the barn. COCK-A-DOODLE-DOOO! Then the red cow began to moo. MOOOOOOO! MOOOOOOO! And the big black horse began to neigh in his deep, mighty voice. NEIGH! NEIGH!

The wicked brown weasel wheeled around. He began to chase the frightened

setting hens, who were fluttering and running around the floor of the barn.

Then Farmer John stepped through the doorway with his gun and shot the wicked brown weasel. Soon the animals were quiet and ready for sleep again. Then the red cow said to the big black horse, "You saved the lives of the setting hens. Surely it was your deep, mighty voice that wakened Farmer John."

The big black horse replied, "But I would not have neighed had it not been that your low, deep voice wakened me."

Then the red cow said, "I would not have mooed had it not been for the white rooster. His trumpeting crow wakened me."

"But it was the shrill clucks of the

setting hens that awakened me," the white rooster said.

Then the setting hens began to ask clucking questions among themselves. "Who wakened us? Who warned us?"

Then one of the hens clucked, "I know! I remember who wakened us! It was the squeak of the little gray mouse. Thank you, little gray mouse."

"You're welcome," the little gray mouse squeaked shyly.

"It is a strange world," remarked the big black horse. "Nothing in it is ever too weak or small to be useful. Not even the tiniest squeak of a mouse."

Happily the little gray mouse dropped off to sleep.

—FRANCES B. WATTS

ON YOUR OWN

Read the sentences below. Those on the left tell *what* happened and those on the right tell *why* each thing happened. Join the two sentences that belong together.

But the sentences are not in the right order to make a sensible story. In your exercise books, write the story in the correct order. Make one sentence of the two sentences you have joined. You will have to add some words.

Black Cat ran right to the top of the tree. •

Billy and his father decided to cut down the tree. •

But the cat couldn't catch the bird. •

Just before the tree reached the ground, the cat jumped. •

Then Black Cat just sat up in the tree. •

The tree fell. •

Billy was delighted. •

• He was too frightened to come down.

• He was chasing a bluejay.

• It seemed the only way to rescue the cat.

• He knew he had to get out of the way of the falling tree.

• The bluejay flew away, squawking noisily.

• His cat was safe.

• Billy and his father had sawed through the trunk.

Read each of the fables. Then complete the sentences.

1. A little boy found a pitcher full of nuts that his mother was saving. He put in his hand and grabbed as many as it could hold. But when he tried to take his hand out, he couldn't get it through the narrow neck of the pitcher. He could find no way of getting his hand out without losing the nuts, so he began to cry.

His mother heard him and said, "With half as many nuts in it, your hand would have come out easily."

Because the boy liked nuts _____

His hand was so full of nuts that _____

He started to cry because _____

Because he was so greedy, _____

2. Every day the shepherd boy took his father's sheep to the mountain pasture. His job was to guard them from the wolves. His work was lonely, for he was far from the village, at the edge of a great forest. And he stayed there from morning until night.

One day, when he was particularly lonely and wanted some excitement, he rushed from the pasture calling, "Wolf! Wolf!" The villagers came running with clubs and guns to help him save the sheep, but found the sheep safe and no wolf in sight.

After that, whenever the boy was lonely, he called "Wolf! Wolf!" and each time the villagers came, and each time they found the sheep quiet and the boy laughing at his trick.

But one day the wolf really came. The boy screamed and called for help. No one came, and the wolf devoured the sheep.

The shepherd boy felt lonely because _____

The villagers all came running because _____

Because the trick worked the first time _____

No one helped the boy when the wolf came because _____

Giacco and His Bean

1. Once upon a time there was a little boy named Giacco who had no father or mother. The only food he had was a cup of beans. Each day he ate a bean, until finally there was only one left. So he put this bean into his pocket and walked until night. He saw a little house under a mulberry tree. Giacco knocked at the door. An old man came out and asked what he wanted.

"I have no father or mother," said Giacco. "And I have no food except this one bean."

"Poor boy," said the kind old man. He gave Giacco four mulberries to eat and let him sleep by the fire. During the night the bean rolled out of Giacco's pocket and the cat ate it up. When Giacco awoke, he cried, "Kind old man, your cat has eaten my bean. What shall I do?"

"You may take the cat," said the kind old man. "I do not want to keep such a wicked animal."

So Giacco took the cat and walked all day, until he came to a little house under a walnut tree. He knocked at the door. An old man came out and asked what he wanted.

"I have no father or mother," said Giacco. "And I have only this cat that ate the bean."

"Too bad!" said the kind old man. He gave Giacco three walnuts to eat and let him sleep in the dog kennel. During the night the dog ate up the cat, and when Giacco awoke, he cried, "Kind old man, your dog has eaten my cat!"

"You may take the dog," said the

kind old man. "I do not want to keep such a mean brute."

So Giacco took the dog, and walked all day until he came to a little house under a fig tree. He knocked at the door. An old man came out and asked what he wanted.

"I have no father or mother," said Giacco. "I have only this dog that ate the cat that ate the bean."

"How very sad!" said the kind old man, and gave Giacco two figs to eat and let him sleep in the pigsty.

That night the pig ate up the dog, and when Giacco awoke he cried, "Kind old man, your pig has eaten up my dog!"

"You may take the pig," said the kind old man. "I do not care to keep such a disgusting creature."

So Giacco took the pig and walked all day until he came to a little house under a chestnut tree. He knocked at the door. An old man came out and asked what he wanted.

"I have no father or mother and only this pig that ate the dog that ate the cat that ate the bean," said Giacco.

"How pitiful!" said the kind old man, and gave Giacco one chestnut to eat, and let him sleep in the stable. During the night the horse ate up the pig, and when Giacco awoke he cried, "Kind old man, your horse has eaten up my pig!"

"You may take the horse," said the kind old man. "I do not want to keep such a worthless beast." So Giacco rode away on the horse.

He rode all day until he came to a castle. He knocked at the gate and a voice cried, "Who is there?"

"It is Giacco. I have no father or mother and I have only this horse that ate the pig that ate the dog that ate the cat that ate the bean."

2. "Ha! Ha! Ha!" laughed the Soldier. "I will tell the King."

"Ha! Ha! Ho! Ho!" laughed the King. "Whoever heard of a bean that ate the cat that ate the dog that ate the pig that ate the horse."

"Excuse me, Your Majesty, it is just the other way around," said Giacco. "It was the horse that ate the pig that ate the dog that ate the cat that ate the bean."

"Ha! Ha! Ho! Ho!" laughed the King. "My mistake! Of course, it was the bean that ate the horse; no, I mean the horse that ate the bean; no, I mean—Ha! Ha!

Ho! Ho!" laughed the King, and the knights began to laugh, and the ladies began to laugh, and the bells began to ring, and the birds began to sing, and all the people in the kingdom laughed and sang, and the King came to the gate and said:

"Giacco, if you will tell me every day about the bean that ate the horse; I mean the horse that ate the bean; no, I mean the horse that ate the pig that ate the dog that ate the cat that ate the bean—Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ho! Ho! Ho! Ho! you shall sit on the throne beside me!"

So Giacco put on a golden crown and sat upon the throne, and every day he told about the horse that ate the pig that ate the dog that ate the cat that ate the bean, and everybody laughed and sang and lived happily ever after.

—FLORENCE BOTSFORD

ON YOUR OWN

A Goblinade

A green hobgoblin,
Small but quick,
Went out walking
With a black thorn stick.

He was full of mischief,
Full of glee.
He frightened all
That he could see.

He saw a little maiden
In a wood.
He looked as fierce as
A goblin should.

He crept by the hedge row,
He said, "Boo!"
"Boo!" laughed the little girl,
"How are you?"

"What!" said the goblin,
"Aren't you afraid?"
"I think you're funny,"
Said the maid.

"Ha!" said the goblin,
Sitting down flat.
"You think I'm funny?
I don't like that.

"I'm very frightening.
You should flee!"
"You're cunning," she said,
"As you can be!"

Then she laughed again, and
Went away.
But the goblin stood there
All that day.

A beetle came by, and
"Well?" it said.
But the goblin only
Shook his head.

"For I am funny,"
He said to it.
"I thought I was alarming,
And I'm not a bit.

"If I'm amusing,"
He said to himself,
"I won't be a goblin,
I'll be an elf!

"For a goblin must be goblin
All the day,
But an elf need only
Dance and play."

So the little green goblin
Became an elf.
And he dances all day, and
He likes himself.

—FLORENCE PAGE JQUES

Hobey's Secret

1. "I'm going to pick berries now," said Hobey one morning late in the summer of 1868.

"Don't wander too far," Mother said.

Hobey smiled a secret smile. He knew he wouldn't wander at all. He knew exactly where he was going.

2. It wasn't that Hobey liked having secrets from his parents. "It's just that they would never understand," he thought, as he ran into the woods. "They'd say I made Humpy up."

When Hobey reached his secret rock, he put his fingers to his lips and whistled two loud whistles.

Almost at once he could hear the sound of heavy footsteps coming closer.

3. "I'm over here, Humpy," he called.

The footsteps stopped. A shaggy-coated camel put his head out between the leaves and stared at Hobey.

"Hello, Humpy," said Hobey. He pulled some carrots from his pocket, and Humpy ate them hungrily.

"Now it's time to practise riding," said Hobey softly. All summer he had been teaching the camel to obey orders. Now he said, "Down, Humpy! Down!"

The camel knelt.

"Good Humpy," said Hobey as he gently climbed onto the camel's back. Then, "Up, Humpy!" he said.

4. The camel got up slowly. Hobey took hold of a shaggy hump to keep from falling. He held his breath as he felt himself being raised higher and higher.

"Go, Humpy," he said when the camel was on his feet.

Humpy walked slowly along the trail on his wide-spreading, soft feet.

"It's like being on a boat," thought Hobey, as he rocked from side to side. "No wonder they call you the ship of the desert," he laughed. "I do wish you could tell me how you got to British Columbia and into our woods."

When Hobey ordered Humpy to stop, the camel knelt down, and Hobey climbed off. His legs were a bit shaky, and his breath was coming quickly. "After we've practised a few more times, you'll be trained enough to show my family," he said. "Then they'll have to let me keep you. Then you won't have to live in the woods and be a secret."

5. Hobey gave Humpy a final pat and then hurried away to pick berries.

Early the next morning when the trail was still wet with dew, Hobey and his father started into the woods. They were going to clear some new land.

"We'll start here," said his father.

They began pulling up some of the low bushes along the side of the trail.

Hobey could see that his father was having trouble with one of the bigger bushes, and rushed over to help him.

But he was too late.

6. Suddenly his father slipped. He fell hard. He tried to get up, but his leg was hurting so much that he fell back again. "You'll have to get help, Hobey," he gasped. "If only we had a horse!"

"Lie still, Father," said Hobey.

Putting his fingers to his lips, he whistled two loud whistles.

7. He whistled again.

"What are you doing, lad?" asked his father.

"I'm calling for help, Father," explained Hobey.

"There's no one in these woods but us, Hobey. How can . . ."

"Listen!" said Hobey.

8. His father tried again to get up. "There's a wild animal coming," he cried. "Quick, Hobey! Hand me my gun. Then climb a tree."

"You don't need your gun, Father," said Hobey. "It's not a wild animal. It's Humpy. — We're over here, Humpy," he shouted.

Hobey's father's eyes grew wide with surprise as the camel came slowly into sight.

9. Within a few minutes Hobey had helped his father onto Humpy's back and was leading the camel along the trail to the cabin.

Late that night, after the doctor had left, Hobey stood beside his father's bed. "The people on Front Street really stared when I rode Humpy into Yale to get the doctor," he said.

"I still don't understand how a camel got into our woods," said Hobey's mother.

"Doctor Parker told me about that while he fixed my leg," said his father. "In 1863, when the Cariboo Road was being built, some camels were brought up from Texas to do the heavy work. But the mules were so afraid of them that it was decided to put some of the camels up for sale and set the others free. I guess Humpy wandered into these woods and has been here ever since."

"I'm glad we picked a spot near Humpy's woods to make our home," said Hobey. "May I keep him, Father?"

10. "If he'll stay," said his father.

Hobey grinned. "He'll stay," he said. "He's my friend."

"Here's a treat for your friend," said his mother, giving Hobey some carrots.

Hobey hurried out. The camel was waiting behind the cabin.

— ELIZABETH TOUCHETTE

ON YOUR OWN

1. Why did Hobey call the camel "Humpy?" _____

2. Why had Hobey not told his parents about the camel? _____

3. Why is a camel called "the ship of the desert"? _____

4. Why was Hobey's father so surprised to see the camel? _____

Grand Prize for Prunda

1. Prunda was a witch, and a very good witch at that. In the five-mile race on broomsticks, she always came in third. She was second in the contest for witch's-food cake, and her black cat took sixth prize for obedience.

But Prunda was never *first* in anything.

"Just once," she told her best friend Bixty, "I'd like to get first prize."

"You're good in lots of things!" said Bixty, who was a very loyal friend.

"But not good enough in any of them. I'm going to go away."

Bixty gasped. "You're *what*?"

"Going away. I've thought about it for a long time."

2. "But Prunda! I wouldn't know what to do without you. I'd be so lonesome!"

"Come with me then."

"I couldn't! My mother would be so disappointed. Do try once more, Prunda. Enter the fancy flying contest next weekend. I've never seen anyone do the backward roll or the one-and-a-half loop better than you do."

"Doris and Carleen are both faster. And I often get mixed up."

"You have all week to practise."

3. "That's right," admitted Prunda. "Well, I'll try. Just once more. But if I don't win first prize this time, I'm just going to keep right on flying."

All week long, Prunda practised. By Saturday she was able to do the loop perfectly.

"Wonderful!" cried Bixty, as Prunda swooped in for a landing. "Now you can't lose!"

Smiling, Prunda patted her broomstick. "If I can do it that well in the finals," she said, "I think I will win first prize."

4. Prunda got the most points for the one-and-a-half loop, and every witch in the grandstand clapped wildly at her backward roll. She came in behind Carleen and Doris in the speed events, but she'd expected that. There was just one more event, and it looked as though the cup were Prunda's for sure. But suddenly on takeoff, her broomstick developed a wobble!

"Oh, oh!" cried Bixty. "Take mine."

5. But Prunda was used to her own broomstick and she lost the final event.

"I'm so sorry," said Bixty, with tears in her eyes, as the winners were announced. Prunda's name was in third place.

6. "May I keep your broomstick?" asked Prunda. "I'd say I'd bring it back, but I don't think I'll be coming back."

Bixty nodded as tears ran down her face.

Prunda flew off with a roar on her friend's broom, never once looking back.

For weeks, Prunda wandered around looking for something she could do well enough to win a first prize.

Summer passed, and, as the leaves shrivelled and swirled to the ground, Prunda grew very homesick.

7. "But I can't go back without a first prize," she told herself firmly.

The cold October winds whined and moaned. Prunda thought, "Back home they'll be getting their broomsticks ready for the long Halloween flights."

That night, as she skirted the edge of a town, Prunda saw another witch. "It can't be!" she thought, and flew closer. And it wasn't—not a real witch! It was a little girl dressed up like one, with a bag for treats hung over one arm and a toy broom in her hand.

Prunda hurried over to the little girl. "Where are you going?" she asked.

8. The little girl looked at her. "Oh, you're a witch, too," she said, "but your costume is much older than mine is!"

"I suppose it is," said Prunda.

"Well, come along, anyway. We'll be late for the parade."

Prunda's heart leaped. A parade! How she loved a parade! She ran along behind the girl, her broom bouncing on the sidewalk.

After the parade was over, several people with sheets of paper walked about, looking at everyone who had marched in the parade. They stopped and looked at Prunda and the little girl witch for a long time. Then they marked something on their papers and moved on.

9. "Ladies and gentlemen," a loud voice blared through a speaker. "We are now ready to announce the prize winners."

"Prize winners!" Prunda couldn't believe her ears.

"First prize for an astronaut—" said the voice, "a silver dollar, goes to Bobby Gibbons. Second prize for an astronaut—" On and on went the voice, through a long, long list of cats, and clowns, and dragons, and fairies, and ghosts.

Prunda was getting cold. She touched the little girl on the arm. "It was nice meeting you."

"Don't leave now," said the little girl. "They're almost to us, now."

"To us?"

"There'll be a first prize for witches."

Sure enough! Prunda heard the loud-speaker voice saying, "for the prettiest witch — a silver dollar to Barbie Nichols."

"Oh!" squealed the little girl.

Prunda shook her head. She didn't want a silver dollar, but it would be strange if she couldn't win a prize for looking like a witch when she *was* one.

"And now," said the voice, "we have our special prize——" A man held up a silver cup with handles on both sides and a black cat arched across the top. "This cup goes to the person wearing the most remarkable costume of all—the grand prize."

Prunda wasn't really listening. She was staring at that lovely, lovely cup.

"We don't know the name of the person wearing the prize-winning costume, so will the judges please bring her forward?"

Prunda looked about to see who had won this wonderful cup.

10. Two judges came close to her. "It must be someone standing near

here," she thought. Then the judges took her by the arms and led her to the truck.

She was too surprised to say anything. She hugged the cup tight and hoped they wouldn't change their mind and take it from her.

"What's your name, Miss?" someone asked her.

"Prunda," she answered.

"Where are you from?"

She told them.

"I don't believe I've heard of that place. Is it far away?"

She nodded.

"How did you get here?"

Suddenly, Prunda thought of home and all the other witches. She thought of how thrilled Bixty would be to see the cup, and how the witches would laugh when she told them that she had won it just for looking like a witch.

11. Then she had another thought. It wasn't fair to take the cup from all those children who had worked so hard on their costumes. Slowly, she handed it back. "I don't deserve this," she said.

"You couldn't look more like a witch if you—well, if you *were* one," they assured her. "What do you mean you don't deserve it?"

Prunda just shook her head. "This is how I got here," she said. She slipped her broom into low gear and took off with a roar. She did a quick backward roll and a one-and-a-half loop over the heads of the crowd.

The people below shouted and clapped. "Come back!" they called. "That was wonderful!"

Prunda landed by the truck. "You see," she said. "I *am* a witch. I'm not wearing a costume."

12. "Do you want her to have the grand prize?" asked the voice from the loudspeaker.

"Yes! Yes! Yeeeeees!" roared the crowd.

Blinking back tears, Prunda accepted the cup and hugged it tight. Then, smiling her thanks, she took off again, and flew straight home.

—EVELYN WHITE MINSHULL

ON YOUR OWN

Suppose the crowd had roared "No! No! No-oooo!" instead of "Yes! Yes!"

What might the ending of the story have been? _____

Here is another fable. Read the first paragraphs in each part and write what you think happened.

Once upon a time two goats were walking home. One lived high on the mountain-side. The other lived at the foot of the same mountain. They met face to face on a narrow path along the edge of a high cliff. The path was so narrow, they couldn't pass each other; nor was there room for either to turn and go back. On one side of the path was a steep rock rising straight above them; and to step off the other side would mean falling to the rocks far below.

One goat said, "I'm sure if we think hard enough, we can figure out a way for both of us to get home safely." And the other replied, "I'm sure we can. Neither of us must get hurt." So the two goats thought for a long time.

Then _____

Two other goats on their way home came to a wide, rushing river. A tree that had fallen across the river was the only bridge. The two goats stood for a minute, one on each side of the river. Then they both started across the bridge at the same time. They met in the middle of the river. "Let me pass," said the first goat.

"I'm more important than you. *You* let *me* pass!" said the second.

Then _____

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Use the Index on page 51. Answer the following questions:

1. On how many pages would you find something about **airplanes**?

2. Where do **bananas** grow? _____
On what page would you look for information about bananas in Australia? _____
3. Where could you find out about the kind of **clothes** the people in Spain wear?
_____ in Egypt? _____ in the Sahara? _____
4. Do they have **dairy farms** in Switzerland? _____ What pages would tell
you about this? _____
5. Where would you look to find information about **camels**? _____
6. What is a “**billabong**”? _____
Where could you find out? _____
7. Where would you look to find out where the **Congo River** is? _____

8. Write the names of two **bridges** that are listed. _____

9. How many **continents** are listed? _____
Where could you find out about **Antarctica**? _____

10. Where could you find out who **Roald Amundsen** was? _____

THE GIRAFFE: The Parts of Its Body

Both male and female giraffes have a pair of short, bony horns, covered with skin, on their heads. Some kinds have also a single small horn between the eyes.

Their ears are rather large.

Their nostrils are slit-like and can be closed at will.

Their lips and their long tongues are used for grasping leaves.

Their heads are narrow, with long muzzles.

Their eyes are large, and their sense of sight is very keen.

They have black manes on their necks.

Their tails are 2 feet, 6 inches long, and end in black tassels.

Their very long necks have seven vertebrae (like those of almost all mammals), but each vertebra is about 9 inches long.

Their shoulders are very strong and are more powerfully developed than their hind quarters.

Their forelegs are controlled by big, strong muscles.

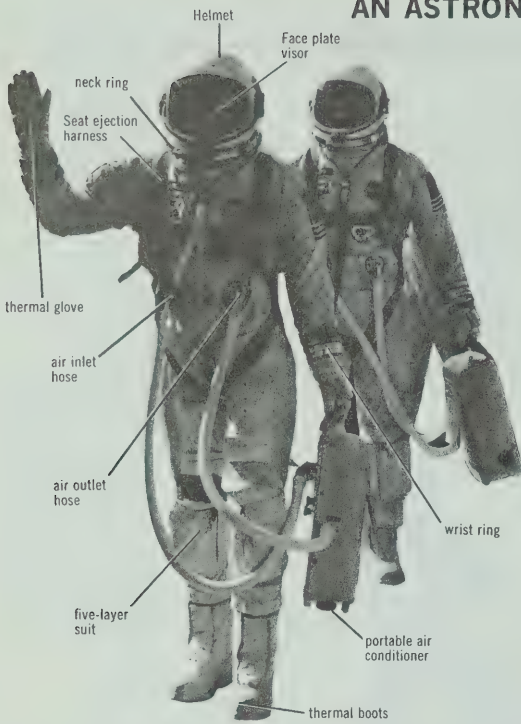
Their legs are long and slender but strong; giraffes can run very fast.



The giraffe's foot has a double or cloven hoof.



AN ASTRONAUT'S SPACE SUIT



Word definitions

ejection, throwing out

thermal, warm, hot

inlet, an entrance

outlet, a way out

portable, capable of being carried or moved easily

Study the diagram above. Use the word definitions on the right. Then answer the questions below.

1. Name three parts to an astronaut's head covering. _____

2. Which part is the *visor*? _____

3. Where does the astronaut wear something that helps him out of his seat? _____

4. How many layers are in the suit? _____
5. What kind of gloves does he wear? _____
6. What other part of the suit is also designed for warmth? _____

7. Is the air conditioner part of the suit? _____
How is it connected to the suit? _____
What do you think it does? _____

A Tree-House Saved

The Easter holidays had been warm and sunny, and the three girls had been able to work every day on their tree-house in the Holmes' back garden. By Thursday, it was almost finished.

Susan and Jennifer Holmes had let their father help with the tree-house roof, and Linda Gray had accepted a gift of nails from her father. But they had been true to their vow that the boys in the two families could not help. They didn't want the boys in the club-house, ever.

The girls were feeling more than pleased with their work, when a tall, dark-haired, serious stranger arrived.

The man explained gruffly that he was a city building inspector. He paid no attention to the sign that read:

*Ladies Only
No Boys Allowed
By Order*

Without asking permission, he climbed up the ladder to the tree-house. He pounded the outside walls, which looked like what they were—odd pieces of wood nailed together. He pushed aside the old venetian blind that Linda's mother had given the girls to cover the door, and he crawled inside. The inspector was too tall to stand, so he pounded the roof from a kneeling position. He hit so hard that he knocked off a piece of linoleum tile the girls had taped over a hole. The three girls were so amazed at the man's behavior that they just stood, open-mouthed and silent.

Red-faced and puffing, the inspector

climbed down the ladder and took a pencil and some papers from his case. When he had finished asking questions and writing a great deal, he handed a paper to Susan, who was the tallest. "Give this to your parents," he said. "I'm afraid I must order you to cease construction on this building."

"But why?" asked the astonished Susan, her black eyes flashing. "Our parents gave us permission."

"City regulations," said the inspector, neatly folding the rest of the papers and putting them into his case.

Linda, who had red hair and a temper, stamped her foot. "You have no right to stop us from building our tree-house. It's not *your* yard." For a minute she looked as if she were going to strike the inspector with her hammer.

Jennifer, who was the youngest, began to cry. Soon the cries turned to wails, and tears ran through the dirt on Jennifer's face and splashed down her old torn shirt.

The inspector was used to angry citizens but he had never before had to deal with three defiant and tearful young girls with hammers in their grubby hands. He walked away quickly.

The girls ran to find Mr. and Mrs. Holmes, yelling so loudly and shaking their hammers so belligerently that it was some time before the grown-ups understood what all the fuss was about.

Mr. Holmes offered to write a letter to the Building Department.

"How long will they take to answer?" asked Susan, stubbornly.

"Well, now, it might take a little time. You know they get a great many letters."

"But we have to open Saturday," wailed Jennifer. "It's my birthday, and we're going to have a cake—and—and—" She could not go on. Sobs shook her chubby body.

"I think we should go down to the Building Department in person," said Susan, who was the reader in the group. She had read in the newspapers about some mothers who had gone right to the City Council to demand lights at school crosswalks.

"We'll go tomorrow morning," shouted Jennifer, and would have banged her hammer on the table had her mother not caught her hand in time.

Mr. Holmes suddenly looked amused. "Perhaps that's a good idea," he said. "You might learn something about city government."

The next morning the girls took the bus to the City Hall. They left their hammers at home, but their angry feelings were still written all over their faces.

The girl at the desk tried to tell them that the Building Commissioner, Mr. Bennett, was too busy to see them. The girls sat firmly on the chairs outside his office and said they would wait.

At last, unable to stand their accusing eyes, the girl at the desk appealed to

Mr. Bennett. He agreed to see the girls for five minutes.

It was ten minutes after they entered his office before Mr. Bennett was able to make sense out of the three excited accounts, all given to him at once. By this time, Jennifer again was in tears, and Linda's cheeks were as red as her hair. At Mr. Bennett's request, Jennifer and Linda finally sat down and let Susan explain what had happened.

Mr. Bennett carefully examined the inspector's report on the tree-house. For a moment, the lines on his face made him look as if he were going to laugh. He fumbled with the papers, tightened his lips to look severe, and then said:

"I think this is a very special case and therefore I am glad you brought it to my attention. You must understand that the Building Inspector was right in doing what he did. He was carrying out the law. But I often review special cases, and in reviewing this one, I have decided that you can finish your tree-house on one provision. You must not make it any larger or it will need a special permit."

Mr. Bennett's swivel chair almost tipped over as the girls rushed to thank him. When he finally was able to stand and show them out of the office, he mopped his brow. He was wondering, as he did so, what would have happened if he had said "no."

Tree-House Saved by Young Girls

The Building Department of Jackson City backed down when it came face to face with three determined builders under the age of thirteen.

Building Commissioner R. Bennett said that no permit will be necessary for the tree-house the three girls are building in a Cardinal Street garden.

An inspector for the Building Department yesterday informed the girls that they could not build the house without a permit. He

had called after a neighbor laid a complaint.

The girls are Susan Holmes, 12, Linda Gray, 12, and Jennifer Holmes, 10. They threatened to appeal to the Mayor, or to Mrs. R. Jordan, well-known alderman.

The girls marched down to City Hall and sat outside the door of Commissioner Bennett's office until he agreed to see them.

Mr. Bennett was no match for the trio. He gave in and told them that no permit would be needed

at this time. But he warned the girls that the Building Department would continue to watch the tree-house.

He told a reporter that if the house became too elaborate, it would be classified as a shed, and then a building permit would be necessary.

Mr. Bennett said the inspector was in no way to blame for the misunderstanding. "By law, all complaints must be investigated by one of our inspectors."

Lots of Tots in Mother Nature Land

It's spring in Stanley Park, which looks even more like a nursery than a park.

There is a baby in the monkey house; there are babies in the children's zoo, babies in down-filled nests high in the tree tops, and babies cautiously learning to paddle about the ponds.

Ten fluffy yellow goslings have been hatched by a pair of Canada geese near the miniature railway. And within days of breaking out of their shells, the goslings were braving the perils of the nearest pond with a proud mother and father cruising close by in case of emergency.

The spider monkeys, too, have a new arrival. She is month-old Suzie. So far Suzie's view of the world has been limited to a shy peep over her mother's shoulder, from her secure perch on the old lady's back.

Closely watched by a band of baby squirrels, peeping shyly out of the bushes, are Patches, the two-week-old goat, and Whitey, the three-month-old steer. Until recently, Patches was pining for company. Then someone at the zoo had the idea of putting Whitey and Patches together. Now Patches is so happy with his new friend that he spends

most of his time leaping high in the air, while Whitey looks on in amazement.

There's activity, too, in the peacock baby world. One nest, with six eggs in it, has been found.

The most beautiful and the most popular baby at the zoo is Bambi. Bambi is a Corsican sheep, but looks exactly like a baby deer. In her first week of life, Bambi has been visited by hordes of visitors. Unconcerned by all this attention, she spends most of her time watching a brood of chicks being reared by a neighboring hen family.

The Beavers Make a Home

When the beavers found a suitable brook in the woods, they began to build a dam. They first cut down a bush and floated it along, until it finally stuck fast between a rock and a tree. Next they cut other bushes and branches until they had a tangle of brush stretching from one bank to the other. On this they piled layer upon layer of sticks and stones and mud.

At last the dam was so high and solid that the water could not flow through. So it spread out in a pond above the dam, until it was deep enough to trickle over the top and form a little brook.

A few small islands remained in the pond. Here, or on the bank, the beavers built their houses. First, each couple dug two tunnels from the bottom of the pond up through the earth to the floor of their

house. One tunnel was for summer use. The second tunnel led to their winter pantry under the water. This pantry would be a pile of fresh sticks cut in the woods every autumn.

Around the two holes in the floor, the beavers laid logs and stones in a circle. Upon this foundation they piled sticks and sod to form walls and a roof. Then they plastered the house all over with mud. At the top of the roof they left a small hole covered only with a tangle of sticks. This was for fresh air. Last of all they swam inside and made the walls even by gnawing off the sharp ends of the wood. Then the house was ready to be furnished with beds of leaves and grasses.

—JULIA AUGUSTA SCHWARTZ

Read the following paragraphs. Think of the main idea of each paragraph and the important details about the main idea. Then fill in the outline below.

Each autumn, the beavers had to gather food for the winter. Some of the trees with the juiciest bark grew too far away to be easily dragged to the pond. All the grown-up beavers set to work to dig a canal. They dug and scooped, and gnawed off roots, and dragged out stones, till they had made a long ditch more than a foot deep. The water flowed into this from the pond. Then it was easy to float wood in the canal down to the beaver village.

Even the babies could help in towing the wood down the canal and across the pond to the different houses. Some of the wood became so heavy with soaked-up water that it sank to the bottom and could be packed in a solid

pile. Most of it, however, remained light enough to float. Instead of heaping new sticks on the top, the beavers pushed them under the top branches. Then more was pressed under that, until the pile reached to the bottom.

All winter long the beavers lived quietly in their homes under the snow. When they were hungry, they paddled down the tunnel which led to their pantry and the wood pile. Gnawing off some sticks, they swam back with their bundles under their chins. There in the middle of the room they nibbled the bark. Then they carried the peeled sticks back into the pond. They did not like to have the rubbish left on the floor.

—JULIA AUGUSTA SCHWARTZ

A. _____

1. _____
2. _____
3. _____

B. _____

1. _____
2. _____
3. _____
4. _____

C. _____

1. _____
2. _____
3. _____

The People of the Long House

Before the white man discovered Canada, the Indians of the Huron tribe were already living in villages in the part of our country that is now Ontario.

People who were related to one another lived together in one house. Huron houses looked like large barns made of bark. Through the middle of each house, from one end to the other, ran a long hall in which the women built their cooking fires. On each side of the hall were a number of small rooms, one room for each family.

In most villages there was a big building known as the Long House, where the tribe held its meetings or where people gathered just to have fun. It was from this meeting place that the Hurons and several other tribes took their name, "People of the Long House."

Hunting, fishing, and fighting were the work of the men. The women's and girls' work was to bring in firewood, to cook, and to sew for everyone in the family. They also knew the secrets of growing corn. They planted the seed and gathered the crops. They had many ways of preparing corn for eating and also knew how to store it for winter use.

The life of a Huron boy was exciting. The young brave who learned to shoot with a bow and arrow, and to move through the woods as quietly as a fox, could win for himself the name of mighty hunter. If he was able to take his canoe through the rushing water to a quiet fishing spot, he was welcomed home as a mighty fisherman.

—LORRIE McLAUGHLIN

Directions

1. Write a title for the story.
2. On two sheets of paper make two separate outlines. One will be longer than the other. Use the main headings that are given below. The numeral after each main heading tells how many details you should write in. Use correct outline form.

Life in the Huron villages wasn't all work. When the braves were successful in war, the whole tribe danced together to celebrate the victory. When crops were good, they held dances or feasts as a kind of thanksgiving.

And there were games. Family played against family, or village against village. The men played lacrosse. Using home-made lacrosse sticks, each team attempted to drive a ball between two poles belonging to the other team.

In winter the boys played snow snakes. The snow snake was a stick of wood, three or four feet long. It looked somewhat like a snake with its head raised. Each player would slide his snake over a snowy field, and the player who made his snake go the farthest was the winner.

The Huron women played games too, when they weren't working. They played a ball game that was something like lacrosse, but they knew their places and didn't try to take part in the games of the men.

Before the white man discovered Canada, the people of the Huron couldn't read or write. But they had a picture language, in which drawings told a story.

Better still they had great story tellers in each tribe so that the stories of their people were passed from father to son. In the evening they gathered around the fire and, while the men smoked and the women rested, they listened to stories of their brave fathers and grandfathers and of the mighty hunters and fishermen of their own time.

—LORRIE McLAUGHLIN

1.

- A. Dancing and Feasting (2)
- B. Men's Games (2)
- C. Boys' Games (2)
- D. Women's Games (2)
- E. Reading (2)
- F. Story Telling (3)

2.

- A. Dancing and Feasting (2)
- B. Games (4)
- C. Stories (2)

USE AFTER INTERPRETATION LESSON 32.

DIRECTIONS: Be sure that the pupils understand: (1) that they are to make two outlines; (2) what the difference between the two outlines is; (3) what the numeral after each heading means.

EXPERIMENT 1

Find out how water travels up a celery stalk.

Mix two teaspoons of red ink in a half a glass of water.

Put a stalk of celery in the water.

Watch it for a few hours. Observe what happens to the stem.

Then look closely at the leaf. Find the path where water rises into the leaf.

Find a red line on the celery stalk.

Pull out the red line.

Can you tell where water travels up the celery stalk?

EXPERIMENT 2

Get a flat piece of glass about a foot square, a piece of brick, a bar of soap, some oil, and several books.

Raise one edge of the glass by putting two books under it. Try to slide the brick down the glass.

Wet the bar of soap and rub it on the glass. Again try to slide the brick down.

Cover part of the glass with oil and try again.

What happens each time?

Compare this with driving on a muddy road or walking on a wet floor.

EXPERIMENT 3

Get two balloons that are the same size, a ruler, two pieces of string eight inches long, and a pencil.

Fill the two balloons with air. Make them both the same size. Tie each balloon with one of the pieces of string. Use bow knots to tie the balloon.

Tie one balloon to each end of the ruler. Hold the pencil horizontally and use it to balance the ruler with the balloons. Move the ruler to left or right until it balances. Mark the point where it crosses the pencil when it balances.

Now take the ruler off the pencil and let the air out of the balloons. Be sure to leave the string attached to it.

Try to balance the ruler with the pencil in the same position as before.

What happens? Why?

ON YOUR OWN

List the materials that you would need to gather in order to perform each of the experiments.

Experiment 1

Experiment 2

Experiment 3

The Christmas Garden

"I DON'T believe it!" Cousin Bill said. "I may not know much about the city, but I do know about growing things. How *could* you and Alex have given your mother a garden for her Christmas present? What did you really give her — a package of seeds?"

Betty giggled. It was nice to know more about things than Bill did. On the farm last summer, she and Alex had blundered around making mistakes and getting chased by things and having to be rescued by Bill. Now that he was visiting them in the city, things were different. He had already tried to go *up* on a *down* escalator, and had been caught in two revolving doors.

"Let's see this 'garden'!" he said. "What is it—paper flowers?"

When he saw the three plants on the kitchen window-sill, he snorted. "Call that making a garden?" he said. "You went to one of those stores that sell flowers, and bought them."

Alex smiled. "Look at the plants," he suggested. "Do you recognize any of them?"

Bill examined the three plants. "This one is either a cactus or a baby palm-tree," he said. "And these in the flat dish—they look like some kind of clover—"

"Look at the other one," suggested Alex.

"It's some kind of a vine—" Bill said. "It looks pretty growing around that trellis. Some kind of ivy, isn't it?"

Betty couldn't stand it any longer. "Sweet potato!" she said. "Just an old sweet potato! And the trellis is a wire coat-hanger that Alex straightened out, bent in a pretty shape, and painted green!"

"And your 'clover' is from grapefruit seeds," Alex added.

"What about the palm tree?" asked Bill. "If you tell me you planted a coconut—"

Betty said, "No, silly, that's just the top of a pineapple."

Bill was examining the plants with great interest. "My mother would like a garden like that," he said. "She loves to have growing things around the house in winter. Do you think I could—"

"Of course!" Betty said. "Come on—we'll start with the grapefruit."

The breakfast table had been cleared, but Betty was in time to collect a few grapefruit seeds before they went into the garbage can. She put the seeds into a cup with some water. "It helps if you soak them for a few days," she said to Bill. "We're lucky that these grapefruit were so ripe—some of the seeds are starting to sprout already. We'll be able to plant them before you go home."

Alex had been looking in another part of the kitchen, and found that the coffee tin was almost empty.

"Oh, that's good!" said Betty.

"Coffee tin?" Bill was puzzled again.

"It's wide, and not too deep," Alex explained. "We'll plant the grapefruit

seeds in it. And I found a sweet potato, and a jar with just the right size of neck." He filled the jar with water, and wedged the potato in, so that half was in the jar, and half out in the air.

"I suppose you'll have to put it down cellar for the roots to sprout," Bill said. "It'll take a good crop of roots to support all that vine."

"That's right," said Alex. "When the roots are grown, your mother can put it out on the window-sill and the top will sprout soon enough. We mustn't forget it while it's in the cellar, though—it will need water."

"How about the pineapple?" asked Bill.

"We can buy one on the way to the museum this morning," Betty said. "I'm sure mother will let us have fresh pineapple for dessert tonight. We have to be careful, though, to get a female pineapple—"

"How can you tell?" asked Bill.

"That's easy," Alex said solemnly. "The female pineapple is the one with long eyelashes!"

Bill and Betty laughed, and then Betty explained to her cousin Bill that the female pineapple had little buds around the top of the fruit.

"What do we do with it after we buy it?" Bill wanted to know. "Plant the whole thing? Has a pineapple got seeds?"

"You just slice the top off, with a little of the fruit still attached, and put

it in water," Alex explained. "The new leaves grow up from the centre, and as the old ones on the outside get long and straggly, you can cut them off. Then you have your palm tree."

"Simple!" said Bill. "When you know how. Now, all I need is some of the money I have already spent on presents, to buy pots for my 'garden' like the ones you have here—"

"These aren't *bought* ones," Betty told him. "The grapefruit seeds are in a coffee can covered with crepe paper, and that silver on the sweet-potato jar is aluminum foil, and we painted the pineapple jar ourselves. Isn't the pattern pretty? We'll look at patterns on jars at the museum—you haven't ever been there, have you?"

"No," said Bill. "Hadn't we better get going if we want to get there this morning? Our teacher back home told us that there's a real Eskimo kayak there—I want to see that—"

"I've never seen it," said Alex. "We'll have to ask the guard where it is."

Bill laughed. "You taught the farmer about growing things. Now *he* can tell you what's in your own museum. Will we have time to see the Egyptian mummy, and the Indian family groups, and—"

"Bill, you'll have to come to the city more often," Alex told him. "And if we want to find all those things, we'd better get going right now."

—MARJORIE PRIEST

Write a code.
Follow the directions.

Row 1	9																
Row 2	b																
Row 3	11																
Row 4	f																

1. In the first row of boxes, write the numerals from 9 to 26.

2. In the second row of boxes:

under 11, write the letter *f*,
under 20, write the letter *a*,
under 16, leave a blank space,
under 23, write the letter *m*.

Fill in the rest of the boxes in the second row with these letters in this order:

b c d e h i l n o p r s t w

3. In the third row of boxes, write these numerals in this order:

11 19 17 17 19 26 16 16 12 15 22 13 10 25
15 19 18 24

4. Look again at the first two rows. Find the letter that goes with each numeral. Then fill in the boxes of Row 4 with the right letters.

Read what you have written. Put the right punctuation mark in the last box.

Here is a message written in numerals. Select the matching letters from Row 2 and write them under the numerals. Read the message. Follow the directions.

26	22	15	25	13	16	20	16	18	19	25	13	16	15	18	16	16	16
25	14	13	16	24	20	23	13	16	10	19	12	13	16	17	13	25	16
24	19	23	13	19	18	13	16	22	13	20	12	16	15	25	16	16	16

The Trip West

1. Barbara and Donald held onto their father's hand as they walked out on the Winnipeg station platform. They were looking forward to their train trip to Edmonton, but they were feeling a little lonesome for their dad even before they left him.

Mother had the folder with the tickets in her hand. "We will be in car number 26344," she said. "Can you see which one it is?"

They walked down the platform beside the long line of cars.

Then Father said, "Here's your car. See the number on the side—26344."

A man was standing beside the train. He had put down a step-stool because the train steps were so high.

"Good evening," he said.

"My family is going to Edmonton," Father said. "I can't go with them, so will you take care of them?"

Then he said to the children, "This man is the conductor. He's in charge of the train. He will see that you get to Grandmother's place on time."

The conductor called the porter, who was inside the train. "He will show you your bedroom," said the conductor.

They went down a long, narrow corridor. The porter opened the door marked C. They saw a little room that wasn't much bigger than Barbara's playhouse. There were two beds, made like bunks, a small clothes closet, and a tiny bathroom.

"It's so small," said Donald. "Where can I sit down?"

"Just wait until morning," laughed the

porter. "While you eat your breakfast in the dining car, I'll fold up these beds and you'll have a place to sit."

2. "Mother, how old were you when you first went to Edmonton?" asked Donald.

"I was born in Edmonton," Mother said. "Your grandmother was born in Edmonton too. Your great-grandmother was only thirteen years old when her family travelled to Fort Edmonton. They were pioneers."

"Did they travel on a nice train like this?" asked Barbara.

"There wasn't a train to Edmonton then," Mother said. "There were no cars, either. Get into bed, and I'll tell you all about their trip."

"A long time ago, the only people on the western prairies were the Indians, who had been there for a very long time, and the fur traders, who came to buy their furs. There were no farms or cities as there are today."

"Your great-grandmother's name was Mary Jane O'Brien. She was the oldest of six children. When she was thirteen years old, her family travelled west. That was in 1883."

3. "They left Winnipeg with a wagon train taking supplies to the forts and trading posts. The O'Briens had a covered wagon that Mary Jane's mother drove. It was pulled by a team of horses. The family had the things they used on the trip in the wagon. At night they slept in it. Mary Jane's father drove

a team of oxen that pulled a Red River cart. It was loaded with the furniture, the farm implements, and the supplies they would need in their new home. There weren't any moving vans in those days to take their things from one place to another.

"We will travel from Winnipeg to Edmonton in sixteen hours. It took the O'Briens three months. They only went about ten miles each day. There weren't any bridges, so they had to cross the rivers in shallow spots. This was called 'fording the river.' If the water was too deep, the horses and oxen had to swim, and the wagons were floated across.

"When the O'Briens finally got to Edmonton, they settled on a piece of land and began to farm."

"Can we see the farm?" asked Donald.

"You can see where the farm was," promised Mother, "but it is now part of the city."

"Imagine," said Barbara, "we will see Grandmother at noon tomorrow. It took Mary Jane three months to get there."

"If we had come on the jet plane like I wanted to, it would only have taken us two hours," said Donald, as he turned over to go to sleep.

—ELMA LANG

ON YOUR OWN

Answer the questions:

1. How long does it take you to come to school? _____

 2. How far must you travel to come to school? _____

 3. How do you come to school? _____

 4. Where else have you travelled? _____

 5. How did you go? _____
 6. How long did it take to get there? _____
-

Gordon told the boys about his exciting adventure in Castle Park. This is what he said:

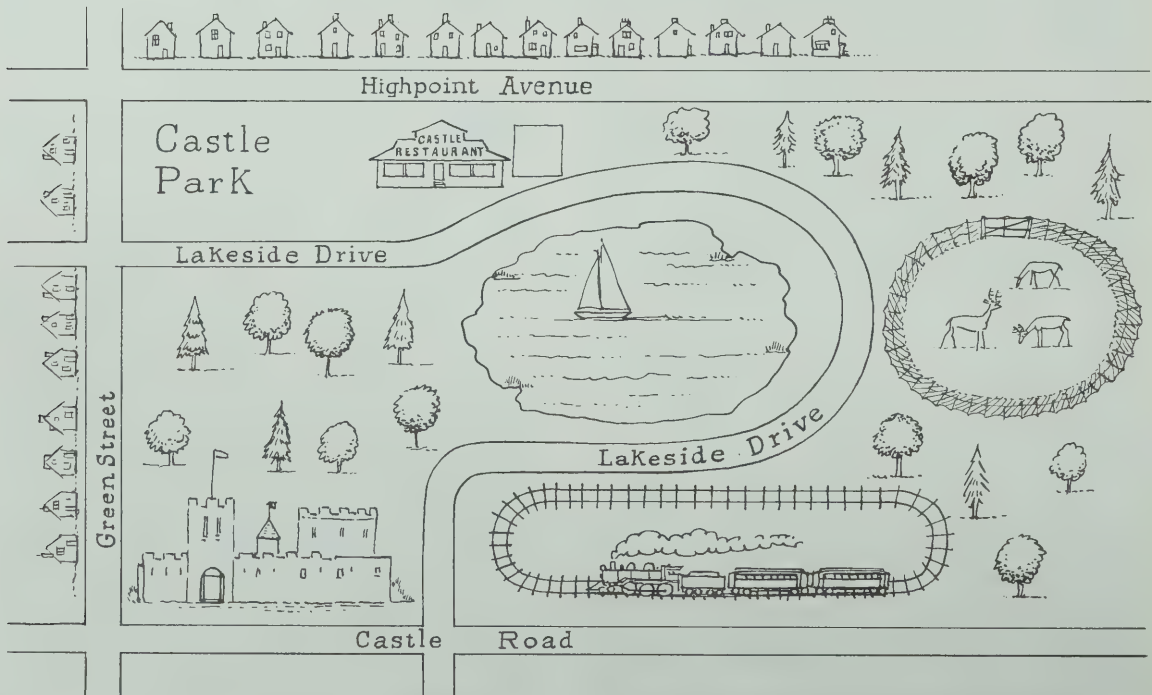
"I live at the corner of Highpoint Avenue and Green Street. On Saturday I decided to go over to Castle Park. I rode my bike down Green Street to Lakeside Drive, then along the Drive until I came to the deer pen. I got off my bike and walked over to watch the deer. A man on a bulldozer was working on the other side of the pen and all of a sudden I heard him yelling. Something was wrong with his machine. He couldn't stop it! It crashed right through the fence, and the poor deer were so frightened that they ran in all directions. Some jumped over the fence and some ran out where the fence was down.

"Park keepers came running from

everywhere. They shouted at me to help them round up the deer. First we saw deer near the miniature railway near Castle Road. We ran there and turned these deer toward the lake. We had to run all around the lake because deer were everywhere. We chased them all through the trees around the castle and had a hard time to keep them from running out on to busy Green Street. But finally the deer quieted down and we herded them all together.

"By this time a policeman had arrived and he stopped the cars on Lakeside Drive, and we drove the deer over to the little yard near the restaurant. There they would be safe until the men fixed the fence.

"I went back to find my bike. Boy! I was so tired I could hardly pedal that old bike home."



Andrew and the Clock

1. Once upon a time, a boy named Andrew lived in a little village near the sea. One day, he looked up at the village clock and saw hundreds of blackbirds clinging to its hands.

When the hands pointed to twelve o'clock, the birds flew away, but the hands of the clock did not move.

"What has happened?" Mrs. Crabapple asked. "The hands don't move. Noontime will go on forever."

"What has happened?" said Miss Midge. "It will never be time for school to start."

Andrew looked at the clock too. "Maybe the birds made the clock stop," he said. He ran through the town to the clockmaker's shop.

"Mr. Tinker," he said, "the village clock has stopped. Blackbirds perched on the hands and stopped it."

Mr. Tinker looked at Andrew over the top of his spectacles. "I'll fix it," he said. "Help me with my ladder."

With the ladder between them, they ran through the town to the village square. Dogs barked and cows mooed and lambs bleated. Everything and everybody was upset, all except Andrew.

2. He and Mr. Tinker set the ladder in place. The clockmaker had climbed up and was pulling at the long minute hand when he lost his balance and fell. Andrew helped him to his feet.

Then Andrew looked up at the clock. He saw that the hands were moving too fast.

The clock struck one. BONG!

The villagers ran about.

The clock struck two. BONG! BONG!

"We are late," Mrs. Crabapple and Miss Midge said.

The hands went faster and faster. Three o'clock, four o'clock. The town hurried, but no one could keep up with the time.

Recess was over at school before it had begun.

Five o'clock.

The farmer milked his cow too early, and she kicked the milk pail.

Six o'clock.

The baker closed his shop, and Mrs. Crabapple cried because there was no bread for supper.

Seven o'clock, eight o'clock, nine o'clock, and time for bed.

The people hurried home.

3. Only Andrew stayed in the village. He looked at the sun high in the sky. He hurried to the Mayor's house and knocked on the door.

The Mayor opened the door dressed in his nightshirt and his long, pointed nightcap. Andrew pointed to the sun.

"It can't be bedtime," he said, "for the sun is still shining. It's time to be awake."

The Mayor said, "Andrew, you're a smart boy."

Soon the Mayor was dressed, and he and Andrew went to the village.

"Ring the bell," said the Mayor.

Andrew pulled the big rope. The

bell rang, and the people came running.

The Mayor made a speech.

"Andrew is a boy who notices things. Andrew saw the sun high in the sky. Everyone knows it can't be bedtime when the sun is shining. So, until the clock is fixed, let us live by the sun. Let us work when it's light

and sleep when it's dark."

Andrew looked up at the clock.

"Mr. Tinker is fixing the clock!" he said.

And while the people watched, the hands moved slowly, and the chimes rang out right on time — BONG! BONG! BONG!

—MARY LOU MILES

ON YOUR OWN

Suppose you are going to take a trip on an airplane. You will have to find out what time the airplane leaves. If you phone the airline office and ask what time the airplane departs, the man may say, "Flight 806 departs at 1400." What time is that?

Canadian airlines use "the 24-hour clock" to tell time. If you look at a timetable, you will see times written like this:

0100 (read "oh—one hundred")

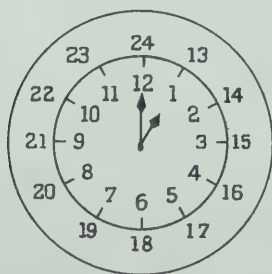
0900 (read "oh—nine hundred")

1700 (read "seventeen hundred")

2000 (read "twenty hundred")

2300 (read "twenty-three hundred")

On this 24-hour clock the hours are read from 1 to 24. On the 24-hour clock, there is no one o'clock in the afternoon, no five o'clock in the afternoon, no twelve o'clock at night. On the 24-hour clock:



0100 means one hour after midnight.

0900 means 9 o'clock in the morning, or 9 a.m.

1200 means twelve o'clock noon.

1300 means one hour after noon, or 1 p.m.

1700 means five o'clock in the afternoon, or 5 p.m.

2300 means eleven o'clock at night, or 11 p.m.

What do you think these times mean?

1800 _____

1400 _____

1100 _____

1900 _____

0300 _____

2400 _____

Read each poem. On the line following it, name the season it describes. Underline the parts of the poem that told you this.

The tulips now are pushing up
Like small green knuckles through the ground.
The grass is young and doubtful yet.
The robin takes a look around.
And if you listen you can hear
Spring laughing with a windy sound.

—EUNICE TIETJENS

A little seed
For me to sow . . .
A little earth
To make it grow . . .
A little hole,
A little pat . . .
A little wish,
And that is that.
A little sun,
A little shower . . .
A little while,
And then — a flower!

—MABEL WATTS

Read each paragraph. On the line following, write what time of day you think it is. Underline the words that told you.

1. A poor beggar was walking along a lonely road. He had come far since he had shared a poor dinner with some workmen building fences. Bits of red showed in the western sky. "I must find a place to sleep," he thought.

2. Just before sunrise the traveller drove into the city. He knew it was no time to call on his friends. They

Blow, wind —
Blow the leaves along!
Blow, wind —
Sing your little song!
Rattle all the red leaves,
Shake them till they fall,
But make the brittle brown leaves
Rattle best of all.
Blow, wind —
Blow the leaves away
Sing a little song, wind,
For an autumn day!

—HELEN HOWLAND PROMMEL

We have been helping with the cake
And licking out the pans,
And wrapping up our packages
As neatly as we can.
And we have hung our stockings up
Beside the open grate,
And now there's nothing more to do
Except
To
Wait!

—MARCHETTE CHUTE

would surely not be up. Instead he looked for a restaurant where he could get an early breakfast.

3. Billy's mother was angry. "Late again!" she said to him. "Every day this week lunch has been spoiled waiting for you! Why must you dawdle coming home from school?"

USE AFTER INTERPRETATION LESSON 37.

DIRECTIONS: After the page has been completed, discuss the parts of each selection underlined by the pupils, and why the parts are important in deciding on the time of year.

1. **A RHYMING DICTIONARY**
2. **SOMEDAY YOU MAY WALK ON THE MOON**
3. **Trapped!**
4. Junior Encyclopedia
5. **Biographies of Famous Explorers**
6. **History of Costumes**
7. **Baseball Memories**
8. **The Family Who Never Had a Bathtub**
9. First Thanksgiving
10. *Twelve Dancing Princesses*
11. *The Bird Doctor*
12. **THE CANADA YEAR BOOK**
13. *Guide to Montreal*
14. *When a Goose Meets a Moose*
15. **A CHRISTMAS LEGEND**
16. **Velvet Shoes**
17. *Rikki — Tikki — Tavi*
18. *Reeder, Left Defence*
19. **The Story of a Grain of Wheat**
20. **Album of Pioneer Furniture**
21. **SNOW IS YOUR FRIEND**
22. *The Mysterious Cat*
23. **STANDARD WORLD ATLAS**
24. **INDEX TO FAMOUS BOOKS**
25. *Spring Is Showery, Flowery, Bowery*
26. **How the Alphabet Was Made**
27. **WHY THE SKY IS CURVED**
28. **THE LEAF ALBUM**
29. **FAMOUS BRIDGES**
30. **Bats? Don't Believe Those Horror Stories**
31. *Life in a Meadow*
32. **Where Saskatchewan Got Its Name**
33. **ABOVE THE CLOUDS**
34. **HOW TO USE MAPS**
35. *Who's Who in Music*
36. **ADRIFT ON AN ICE-PAN**
37. **The Sailor's Almanac**
38. **Collected Works of A. A. Milne**
39. *Anthology of Adventure Stories*
40. **Wild Life Series**

Pandora's Box

1. Once upon a time there were two playmates—a little girl named Pandora and a little boy named Epimetheus. In those days there were no old people in the world; it was a world of children. There was no hard work to be done and there were no lessons to be learned, so life was very easy.

When the boys and the girls wanted dinner, they found it growing upon a tree. After they had eaten, they danced and played games all the day. No child ever sulked or got into a temper, and through all the wide, wide world there were no troubles.

2. In the cottage where Epimetheus lived there was a very large box, and one day Pandora said, "Epimetheus, what is in that box?"

"That is a secret," said the boy. "I don't know myself, and the one who left it here told me that I must never ask about it."

"How silly!" said Pandora. "I want to know."

"Never mind," said Epimetheus. "Let's go out to play."

The girl would not cease talking about the box. "Why not open it?" she said at last.

"Open it? No, no," cried Epimetheus. "We must not do that." Then, because he was tired of hearing so much about the box, he went out to play, and Pandora was left alone.

After Epimetheus had left her, Pandora stood gazing at the box for a

long time. It was made of dark wood, with so fine a polish that Pandora could see her face in it. Round the box was a cord of gold which was tied in a curious knot. "It must have been a very clever person who tied that knot," said Pandora to herself. "I wonder if I could untie it."

So she took the golden string in her fingers and gave the cord a kind of twist. Then, as if by magic, the knot untied itself. Pandora now began to feel afraid of what Epimetheus would say. So she tried to fasten the cord again, but found that she could not do so.

"What shall I do?" she cried. "If Epimetheus finds the cord untied, he will think I have looked into the box."

3. As she sat there, she thought she heard small voices within the box saying, "Let us out, Pandora! We shall be playmates for you. Please let us out!"

"There must be something alive in the box," said the girl. "I will take one peep—just one peep—and then the lid shall be shut down as safely as ever."

Now, just as Pandora said these words, Epimetheus came up to the door. When he opened it, he saw Pandora kneeling down before the box with her back towards him. Epimetheus himself wished very much to know what was in the box. So instead of running forward to stop Pandora, he

stood waiting to see what would happen.

When Pandora raised the lid, the cottage grew very dark, and there was a heavy peel of thunder. The girl paid no heed to these things, but lifted the lid a little higher and looked inside. Then a swarm of winged creatures brushed past her out of the box, and in a moment she heard Epimetheus cry, "Oh, I am stung!"

This was the first cry of pain that had ever been heard in the world!

The girl let fall the lid and stood up. In the dim light she saw a crowd of ugly little shapes with long stings in their tails flying about the room. One of them would have stung her if Epimetheus had not come up and brushed it away.

4. These ugly little things were the first Troubles which had been seen in the world. There was one called Temper, and another Sulks, and another Greed, and many others with names as ugly as themselves.

Pandora opened the window, and the Troubles flew out into the air. After that the children of the world were happy only now and again and, instead of keeping always young, they grew old and died.

Pandora had flung herself down on the floor beside the box and was sobbing as if her heart would break. All at once she heard a gentle tap on the inside of the lid. "What can that be?" she cried, raising her head.

Again the tap was heard. It sounded

like a fairy's hand knocking lightly on the inside of the box.

"Who are you?" asked Pandora. A sweet little voice called from within, "Only lift the lid and you shall see."

"No, no," said Pandora, "I will never lift that lid again. You must stay where you are."

"Ah," said the sweet little voice again, "you will be much pleased when you see me. Those naughty Troubles need some one to look after them, and I can do it."

"Epimetheus," said Pandora, "what shall I do?"

"You may as well open it," said her playmate, "and as the lid seems heavy I will help you." So they raised the lid, and out flew a shining little person with golden hair and fairy wings. She flew to Epimetheus and touched the spot where the Trouble had stung him, and at once the pain of it was gone.

Then the bright little fairy danced round and round the children in such a merry way that they began to forget all about the Troubles with stings in their tails. "Who are you?" asked Pandora at last.

"I am called Hope," said the fairy, "and because I am so cheery I was packed in that box with the Troubles. My work will be to follow them about and cure people whom they may hurt."

"And will you stay with us," asked Epimetheus, "for ever and ever?"

"Yes, for ever and ever," answered the fairy.

Read the story and then answer the questions in your notebooks.

Two Ways of Looking at It

"What's the matter?" said Growler to Cat, as she sat moping on the steps.

"Matter enough," said Cat. "Our cook keeps talking of hanging me. I wish some one would hang her."

"Why, what is the matter?" repeated Growler.

"Hasn't she beaten me, and called me a thief, and threatened to be the death of me?"

"Dear, dear!" said Growler. "What has brought this about?"

"Oh, nothing at all; it's her temper. All the servants complain of it. Not a drop of milk have I had this day," said Cat.

"But what," asked Growler, "is the cause?"

"Haven't I told you?" said the cat, pettishly. "It's her temper! Everything she breaks, she blames me, — everything that is stolen, she blames me. Really, it is unbearable!"

Growler was quite indignant, but he asked: "But was there no particular cause this morning?"

"She chose to be very angry

because I — I offended her," said the cat.

"How, may I ask?" inquired Growler.

"Oh, nothing worth telling — just a mistake of mine. I took the wrong thing for my breakfast."

"Oh?" said Growler.

"Why, the fact was," said the tabby cat, "I was springing at a mouse and knocked down a dish, and, not knowing exactly what it was, I smelt it, and it was rather nice, and—"

"You finished it," hinted Growler.

"Well, I believe I should have done so, if that meddlesome cook hadn't come in. As it was, I left the head."

"The head of what?" said Growler.

"How inquisitive you are!" said the cat.

"Nay, but I should like to know," said Growler.

"Well, then, of a certain fine fish that was meant for dinner."

"Well!" said Growler, "it seems I heard only one side of the story. I wonder that the cook did *not* hang you."

—HARRY DAVIES

Why did the cook punish the cat? What punishment had she chosen?

Do you think the cat deserved this? Explain your answer.

Why did the cat want to punish the cook?

What punishment had the cat chosen?

Do you think the cook deserved to be punished? Explain your answer.

Why do you think the story is called "Two Ways of Looking at It"?

Make two columns on a page in your workbook. In one column write all the things that made the cat think the cook should be hanged. In the other, write all the things that made the cook think the cat should be hanged.

Señor Coyote Plays Schoolmaster for the Rabbit

1. One day Cotton Tail met the Coyote, and the Coyote said, "Now I am going to eat you!"

"Don't do that," said the Rabbit. "I want to show you something. Over here is a school where there are many boys and girls studying their lessons. My job is to keep them studying. I am a schoolmaster, and for my day's work I am to receive three chickens. My day's work is not quite through yet, but I would like to go now and fetch the three chickens. The only trouble is — if I go away, they will stop studying. But if you will stay here and watch my pupils until I return, I shall be glad to give you two of the chickens. One is plenty for me."

2. "Good," said the Coyote. "I'll watch the pupils while you are gone for the chickens. Don't be long, because I'm hungry, and chicken is just what I want."

"Fine," said the Rabbit. "Now this is all you have to do: while you hear them humming in there — hear the noise, *burr, burrr*? — that means they are studying. When they are silent, you know they are not studying and you must poke this stick into the school and wake them up."

"That is simple enough," said the Coyote. "Now, be on your way and hurry back. I'm very hungry."

So the crafty Rabbit went jumping and running through the country, leaving the dull Coyote to guard the school.

3. The Coyote noticed that the humming inside the school had ceased. He took the stick and poked inside, saying in a very cross voice: "Get to studying in there. Say your lessons, you lazy children."

Although the Coyote did not know it, this was not a school, but a nest of hornets. No sooner had he poked the stick inside than the humming started again, louder than before; and before the Coyote knew what was happening, the hornets were all over him, stinging him on the nose, in the ears, and, when he opened his mouth, even on the tongue. In fact they stung him everywhere. The Coyote didn't know which way to run, and so ran in a circle. He finally headed for the river and dived in.

The hornets followed the Coyote to the river, and every time he stuck his nose out of the water to breathe, one or more would land on it and sting him. With a yowl and a gurgle, down into the water he would go. When he came up a little farther down the stream, he would find more hornets waiting to sting him again.

This kept up until the Coyote managed to scramble out on the bank and run for his life. He was a sorry sight as he limped along the road. His eyes were so swollen he could scarcely see.

He was very angry with the Rabbit and, as he ran, planned what he would do to get even the next time they met.

—DAN STORM

Read each paragraph and the questions that follow. Write answers to the questions.

1. When I was going to school one morning, I happened to see a chipmunk run into a hole near the path along which I was walking. Here was a chance for fun. There was no way he could escape.

(a) What fun does the boy plan?_____

(b) Write two words that describe the boy._____

-
2. He had to go home by the river path and he could swim well, but it was very dark and the river had many rapids. He was almost sure to be dashed against the rocks. That, he thought, would be as bad as being devoured by wolves.

(a) Why had the man thought of swimming home?_____

(b) If it had been daylight, could he have escaped by swimming?_____

-
3. Next day the rich man went into the poor old cobbler's shop. The cobbler was glad when he saw him come in.

(a) Why had the rich man come?_____

(b) Why was the cobbler glad?_____

-
4. "Don't be afraid of Rover," laughed the farmer. "He only pretends to be cross. Really he's very friendly. But Richard, how do you happen to be coming through my orchard? This is not the way home from school."

(a) How does Richard feel?_____

(b) Why?_____

(c) Where has Richard been?_____

Antelope Herd Delays Train 100 Minutes

LETHBRIDGE (CP) — About 500 head of antelope delayed a CPR Dayliner an hour and forty minutes yesterday on its run from Medicine Hat to Lethbridge. The train was forced to travel well behind the antelope.

Engineer Archie Blais said the animals, hemmed in by deep snow on either side of the track, “were running three or four abreast and stretched out for about half a mile in front of the train.”

Police-Car Light Guides Plane to Safe Landing

SUDBURY — A light plane was guided through the fog by a flashing red light on top of a police cruiser to a safe landing at Sudbury Airport last Saturday night.

The pilot, H. Jones, an Arizona businessman, had become lost about three miles from the airport and tried to land the single-engined plane in a sand pit. The plane narrowly missed a sandbank before Mr. Jones realized that there was not enough room to land.

Constable Albert Treitz, of the Neelon and Garson police department, was on patrol on No. 541 Highway and realized that the plane was in trouble. He turned

on the flashing red light on top of the cruiser and set out for the airport at high speed.

The plane passed the cruiser, however, and the pilot became confused again when he saw lights from the RCAF radar base at Falconbridge. A police dispatcher called the airport, which in turn radioed Mr. Jones to return to the sand pit area. This time Constable Treitz was able to guide Mr. Jones and his plane to a safe landing at the Sudbury airport.

Yes, He Had No Bananas— A Daring Young Monkey Clung to “Flying Trapeze”

VANCOUVER — Two-year-old Joey was just monkeying around.

But to an SPCA inspector, to a woman driving past, and to the large assortment of neighborhood children who had gathered, Joey presented a problem.

Joey, a weeper, or capuchin, monkey belonging to Barbara Barnettson of 2096 East Twenty-second, ran away from home Sunday after some neighborhood children scared him.

He didn't show up again until Wednesday afternoon when he was spotted thirty feet above the ground on hydro wires at Galt and Nanaimo streets.

Repeated attempts failed to lure the animal down.

Then Mrs. Jean Gensow, of 312 Johnston, New Westminster, stopped to help.

“I usually carry some fruit in the car for the children,” she said. “I had a banana in there today; I thought we might be able to attract him with it.”

But Joey wasn't having any.

Hoping several bananas might be better than one, Mrs. Gensow drove off to a nearby store. On her way, she was stopped by a policeman for backing partway down Kingsway.

“He asked me where I thought I was going, so I told him I had to get a bunch of bananas to get a monkey off a telephone pole. He just said, ‘all right, lady,’ and didn't give me a ticket.”

But the bunch didn't work.

Joey came down to take a look, but stayed just out of reach. The arrival of SPCA inspector Bill Bell with a trap brought Joey down — over the trap and into neighboring yards.

His three days of freedom ended when he was spotted again and Mrs. Gensow threw a sweater over him. She handed him over to Bell.

Bell kept him at the SPCA shelter at 1205 East Seventh until Miss Barnettson returned home from work.

Joey's trip was his third since Miss Barnettson got him almost two years ago. “I let him go out in the backyard when I am at home,” she said.

“The children scare him and chase him, so he runs away.”

1. Save and trade "Wild Flower Cards" until you have a complete set. There are fifty-two cards in the set. You will find two cards in every box of Goody cereal. When you have a full set, complete this form and send it with your cards to WILD FLOWER CARDS, Box 123, Sky River. The ten best entries will win copies of "The Wild Flower Book."

Finish this sentence in twenty words or less.

We should take care of Canadian Wild

flowers because

.....

Name

Address

Phone

Contest closes on June 1st.

2. Try this easy recipe. It makes delicious cookies.

Stir together 2 cups brown sugar
1 cup milk
½ cup cocoa
2 tbsp. butter

Boil for 5 minutes.

Remove from stove and add 1 tsp. vanilla.
Then stir in 3 cups oatmeal, 2 cups raisins,
1 cup coconut.

Drop by spoonfuls on wax paper, and
allow to cool.

3. Fill a glass with water. Place a sheet of paper over the top of the glass. Press it lightly against the rim of the glass. Hold the paper in place and turn the glass upside down. Take your hand away from the paper. Watch what happens.

4. This is a game of skill in which one or more persons can entertain a group.

Place two sturdy chairs about 4 feet apart, facing each other. Place a pipe or wooden rod (about 2 inches in diameter) so that one end is on each chair seat.

Give the player a broom-stick about 3 feet long with which to balance himself. The player must sit on the rod between the chairs, facing one of them, with feet up on the rod, and try to knock a pair of shoes off the chair in front of him with his broomstick. If he is successful in this feat, place the shoes on the chair behind him, and let him try to knock them off from there.

5. Put a number of things, such as pencils, coins, paper clips, erasers, chalk, on a tray. You should have about twenty-five things. Put the tray in the middle of the table. Have all the players stand around the table. Don't have too many players because they won't be able to see. Don't forget to cover the tray with a cloth.

When the players are all ready, uncover the tray for ten seconds. Then cover it again. Have the players write down all the things that they can remember seeing on the tray. Let them have three minutes. The one who remembers most is the winner.

6. Place a cork on the table. Stand ten feet away. Take three steps forward. Close one eye and try to push the cork over with your finger. Is it easy?

1. Divide the players into two teams. The teams sit on opposite sides of the table. A button is given to one team. The people on the team put their hands under the table and pass the button back and forth among them.

After one minute the team members all put their closed fists on the table. The captain of the other team has to find the button. He will point to a fist and say "Take it away," or he may say "Open it."

If he finds the button in three guesses, his team wins a point.

2. Divide the players into teams. Do not have more than ten players on one team. Have all the players join hands to form a circle. Get four balls. Have one person look after the balls.

When everyone is ready, a ball is handed to one player. The ball is passed around the circle as fast as possible. As soon as it gets going, the person in charge of the balls starts another and then another until all the

balls are being passed at once. If a player drops a ball, he has to get it and start it again. A point is scored against his team.

The team with the lowest score wins.

3. Play this game on the playground or in the gym. Choose one player to be Hound and one to be Rabbit-without-a-Home. Divide the other players into groups of three. Two of each group join hands to make a "hollow tree." The other stands in the "hollow tree." He is a rabbit.

When the game starts, Hound chases Rabbit-without-a-Home. Rabbit-without-a-Home runs away, but if he is afraid of being caught, he can go into a hollow tree. Two rabbits can't stay in the same tree, so the other rabbit must go out, and Hound chases it.

When a rabbit is caught, he becomes Hound, and Hound becomes Rabbit-without-a-Home. Then the game starts again.

Rules of Fair Play

1. Each player must obey the rules of the game.
2. Each player should obey his captain.
3. The players must accept the decisions of the judges or referees.

4. Players should play in their own positions only.
5. No fighting between players is allowed.
6. No player may leave the game until it is over.

How to Cut Out a Star

It is fun to cut out stars. All you need is a square piece of paper and some scissors. Follow these directions carefully.

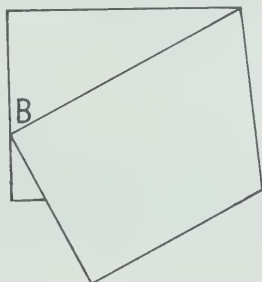
1. Fold the paper in half from the top down. The folded edge should be at the top like this:



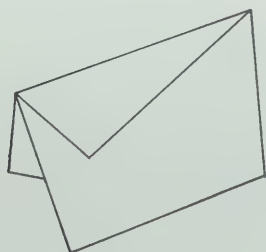
2. Mark an A in the top right-hand corner. Put a dot on the left-hand edge. Put it more than halfway down.

Put the letter B above it. Look at the diagram above to be sure that you have the dot and the letters in the right places.

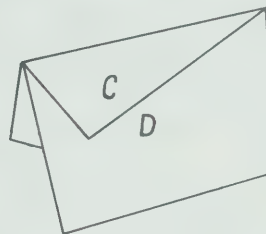
3. Fold point A over to point B. Now your paper should look like this:



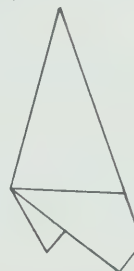
4. Now fold the part that has the letter B on it over the A part, like this:



5. Put the letters C and D on your paper as shown in the diagram.



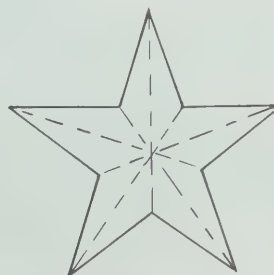
6. Fold D over C. Now your paper should look like this:



7. Mark a dotted line on your paper in the same place as is shown on the diagram below:



8. Cut with your scissors along the dotted line. Unfold the top piece that you cut off, and there is your star!



USE AFTER INTERPRETATION LESSON 44.

DIRECTIONS: Have the pupils attempt this exercise independently. Then, if they have encountered difficulty, discuss the directions and diagrams step by step.

1967 CALENDAR 1967

JANUARY S M T W T F S 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31	FEBRUARY S M T W T F S 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28	MARCH S M T W T F S 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31
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JULY S M T W T F S 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31	AUGUST S M T W T F S 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31	SEPTEMBER S M T W T F S 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30
OCTOBER S M T W T F S 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31	NOVEMBER S M T W T F S 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30	DECEMBER S M T W T F S 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31

CHANNELS LISTED IN PROGRAM SECTION

② **TORONTO, ONTARIO**

CXVC, BOX 400, TERMINAL A

④ **HAMILTON, ONTARIO**

CRBB—TV, 144 BROWN STREET W.

Morning

6:30 ② FARM PROBLEMS

④ MORNING SCHOOL

History: "Early Explorers"

Dr. R. Gray

7:00 ② DAILY GUESTS

COLOR Scheduled Guests:

author Tom White, racing champion Speedy Jordan, and Mary Robin, who reviews films. John Leader (Live: two hours)

④ NEWS, WEATHER, SPORTS

7:30 ④ POPEYE — Cartoons

7:55 ④ MORNING PRAYER — Religion

8:00 ④ MUSCLES JACKSON — Exercise

④ SPIN TO WIN — Game

9:00 ② WEARY WALTER — Cartoons

④ NURSERY SCHOOL — Children

9:30 ② THE OTHER SIDE — Serial

10:00 ② OLIVE AND OSCAR — Comedy

Olive comes home with a wig.

④ FREDDIE AND FLO — Comedy

Freddie decides to cook breakfast.

10:30 ② MUSICAL CHAIRS — Game

④ OLIVE AND OSCAR — Comedy

see 10 a.m. Ch. 2 for details

11:00 ② COOKING SCHOOL

④ HIDE AND SEEK — Game

11:30 ② **COLOR** COMEDY THEATRE

④ KINDERGARTEN — Children

Afternoon

12:00 ④ NEWS, FARM MARKETS

② MOVIE — Comedy

"The Big Gang." (1950) Two detectives find themselves in jail when they try to solve a robbery. Dick Dark, Tom Holmes, Lucy Darling. (2 hrs.)

④ MOVIE — Drama

"A Boy and His Dog." (English 1955) A boy becomes very ill when his dog disappears. Tommy Drake, Susan Small (2 hrs. 30 min.)

2:30 ② THE NEW HOSPITAL — Drama

Doctor Swift fights an unknown disease: Swift — Frank Ready, Zero — John Saint, Nurse Rush — Sally Sandstone. (90 min.)

3:00 ④ THE WEST TODAY—Documentary

Narrators: Penny Blake, Joseph White

3:30 ④ KEEP TRYING — Panel

4:00 ② THE LIFE OF MARY MYERS—Serial

④ RUN SHEEP RUN — Game

4:30 ② HARRY HOPE SHOW — Variety

Guests are comic Fats Fiddler, actress Joy Hunter, Professor B. Broad. (90 min.)

5:00 ④ LEARNING STAGE—Educational

"Greek poets" — Professor I. Fry (60 min.)

Evening

6:00 ② NEWS, WEATHER, SPORTS

④ TALENT CONTEST

6:30 ② CHAMPIONSHIP MEET—Sports

Final diving competitions — British Empire Games.

④ LITTLE HERO — Adventure

Young William finds the secret entrance to the robber's cave.

Guest stars:

William Mickey Knight

Two-gun Blackbeard Ivan Steele

Sheriff Nelson Ray Tanner

7:00 ② GREAT MEN OF OUR TIMES —

Documentary

"President Kennedy's One Thousand Days."

The story of John F. Kennedy from the day he became president until the day he was assassinated. John Sherwood, Narrator (2 hrs.)

8:30 ② TEEN-AGE — Music

Performers: The Longhairs: The Haircuts: The Wigs.

9:00 ② MOVIE — Drama

"The Adventures of Tom Sawyer." John Hopkins directed this film version of Mark Twain's famous story. Don White, Alan Garner, Susan Marshall.

④ MOVIE — Biography

"The Life of Rocket Richard." Story of the famous hockey player from the day he learned to skate until he retired from the N.H.L. (2 hrs.) Pierre Boyer, Paul Thomas, Sheila Snow.

11:00 ② ④ NEWS, WEATHER, SPORTS

11:30 ② DATE WITH HERB — Variety

COLOR Herb Allman — Host

④ LINE FOR ACTION

Ned Lemmon and Russ Barker, hosts. Panel will answer questions from listeners. Guests: Dr. G. Green, surgeon; Mr. T. Dunn, magician; Mr. J. Howell, mayor; Mrs. R. Sander, decorator.

Oomi, the New Hunter

1. It was summer, and the Eskimos were living in their sealskin tents at the edge of a big blue lake. And in one of these tents lived Oomi, an Eskimo boy. He lived there with his mother, his little sister, and his old wrinkled grandmother. But Oomi's father was not there. He had gone with the rest of the men on the caribou hunt.

One morning Oomi woke up early, and the sun was shining red in the clear blue sky.

"It is a very good day," said Oomi's mother.

"Very good," said Oomi's little sister.

"Yes, the day is good," agreed Oomi, as he ate some dried fish for breakfast.

But then he looked out of the tent, and he saw only mothers, and girls, and very young boys. There was no one and nothing strong at the summer camp — just the women, the very old, and the very young.

"Why must I stay here all summer, too?" said Oomi. "Why couldn't I go out on the big hunt? I am strong. And I am almost a man!"

Oomi's mother stopped what she was doing. "Almost!" she said. "Does your father *almost* catch a walrus? Does he *almost* kill a bear? Almost is not enough, Oomi. But we need hunters in our summer camp, too. There are hares and birds to be caught. Go out and hunt on the tundra today."

So Oomi took his bow and arrow and walked over to Webá's tent.

"I am going to do some hunting," he said.

Webá ran inside to get his bird dart.

2. They walked to the tundra, looking about as they walked.

Suddenly Oomi stopped. "There!" he whispered. He touched Webá's arm and pointed.

To the left of them, up on ridge, a ptarmigan strutted, plump and brown. Its red comb quivered. Its body was outlined against the sky.

Webá released his dart. Straight and swift it flew at the strutting bird, which had no time to cry out. The two boys ran over. Webá picked it up.

"Good shot," said Oomi.

The boys walked on.

Oomi's aim was true too, and he killed two hares as they ran across the plain.

Suddenly a voice came floating over the air from far away, back in the camp.

"Listen," said Webá. "They are eating supper back at camp."

"I hear," said Oomi, "but I don't want to go back yet."

Webá looked down at his bird. "I think I will, Oomi."

Oomi waved good-bye and began to go on alone, across the plain.

3. He walked noiselessly. It seemed quieter out on the tundra, now that Webá was gone.

"I want to get a little more game before I go back," thought Oomi. "Perhaps just one more hare."

What was that? A hoarse shriek echoed over the tundra.

Oomi whirled around. What was it? It was a terrible sound, like shrieks of crazy laughter, echoing back and forth, all around him.

The hair on the back of Oomi's neck prickled. He gripped his bow tight. Chills went up and down his arm. His knuckles were white. He gripped his bow even tighter.

There. There was the sound again. Now it was sad and low. It came from behind that hump of earth.

Oomi's face was wet with sweat. His feet dragged on the sticky earth as he walked toward the spot. Soon he would see what it was. He bent down low, his eyes scanning the other side of the hill.

4. There was the creature. Oomi had never seen one before, but he knew it was a great white king loon. It was a giant loon, white and proud, holding its speckled neck high.

He looked at the great bird and measured it roughly with his eyes. It came up to Oomi's waist. Maybe a bit higher. Its body was full, its legs were thin and wiry. "But that bill is the thing to watch," thought Oomi.

Long and black was the bird's bill, and sharp as a dagger. So far, the bird hadn't seen him. Oomi crept as close as he could. He kept his eyes on the loon's speckled neck. Then he pulled the string of his bow all the way back.

Twang! His arrow flew through the air. But it just struck the end of the loon's feathers, and passed right through.

The loon gave an angry scream and turned toward Oomi. It couldn't fly now, but it could fight.

Oomi fumbled for another arrow. But there was not time. He tried to get up from the muddy ground where he had been crouching. But the loon was too close.

Oomi struck out at the loon with his bow. The loon twisted its neck and screamed with rage. It struck back with its bill.

Oomi put his arms up, but the bill struck his cheek. Blood trickled down his chin.

He gave a kick, blindly, with his arms held up, to protect his eyes from that bill.

He heard a thud, and looked up. The loon was awkward on land. He had fallen, now, into the mud.

Oomi pulled an arrow from his quiver, put it to his bow, and let it fly. There was just one more shriek; then quiet. For this time his shot had been true.

Oomi stood up and wiped the blood from his chin. He felt his cheek. It was stiff, and coated with blood.

But Oomi scarcely noticed.

He picked up the loon. How heavy it was. This was real game!

He turned, and began to walk back to camp.

—MIRIAM SCHLEIN

A Young Hero

It is said that many years ago there lived in Holland a little boy whose name was Peter.

Peter's father worked at the gates of the dikes, opening and closing them for the ships to pass out of the canals into the great sea. He often talked to Peter about the dikes and told him how they must be watched every moment, and that a hole no bigger than your little finger was a very dangerous thing.

One afternoon when Peter was eight years old, his mother called him from his play. "Come, Peter," she said. "I wish you to go along the dike and take these cakes to your friend the blind man. If you go quickly, and do not stop to play, you will be home again before dark."

The little boy was glad to go on such an errand. He stayed with the blind man a little while to tell him of his walk along the dike, of the sun and the flowers, and the ships far out at sea. Then he remembered that he must be home before dark, and he set out.

As he walked beside the canal, he heard the water pound and thought of his father's gates.

"I'm glad they're so strong," he said to himself. "If they gave way, what would become of us? These fields would be covered with water. Father always calls them the 'angry waters.' I suppose he thinks they're angry at him for keeping them out so long."

As he walked along, he stopped to pick the flowers that grew beside the road, and he thought of the poor blind

man who was always so glad to have him come.

Suddenly he noticed that the sun was setting, and that it was growing dark. "Mother will be watching for me," he thought, and he began to run toward home.

Just then he heard a noise. It was the sound of trickling water! He stopped and looked down. There was a small hole in the dike, and a tiny stream of water was flowing in.

Peter's father had often worried about a leak in the dike, so that Peter understood the danger at once. If the water kept running through the little hole, it would soon get bigger, and the whole country would be flooded. In a moment he saw what he must do. Throwing away his flowers, he climbed down the side of the dike and stuck his finger into the tiny hole. The flowing of the water was stopped!

"Oho!" Peter said to himself, "the angry waters must stay back now. I can keep them back with my finger. Holland shall not be drowned while I am here."

This was all very well at first, but it soon grew dark and cold. Peter shouted and screamed. "Come here! Come here!" he called. But no one heard him; no one came to help him.

It grew still colder, and Peter's arm ached and began to grow stiff and numb. He shouted again.

His mother had watched for him for a long time but now she had locked the cottage door, thinking that Peter was spending the night with his blind friend.

Peter tried to whistle, but his teeth chattered in the cold. He thought of his brother and sister, his dear father and mother. "I must not let them be drowned," he thought. "I must stay here until some one comes, if I have to stay all night."

The moon and stars looked down on the child crouching on a stone on the side of the dike. His head was bent, and his eyes were closed, but he was not asleep, for every now and then he

rubbed the hand that was holding back the angry sea.

In the early morning, a man going to his work thought he heard a groan as he walked along on the top of the dike. Bending down he saw the child and called to him: "What is the matter, boy? Why are you sitting there?"

"I am keeping the water from running in," was the answer of the little hero. "Tell them to come quickly."

—OLD TALE

ON YOUR OWN

1. Why did Peter's father say that a hole in the dike was a very dangerous thing? _____

2. Why was Peter glad to go to visit the blind man? _____

3. If the dikes broke, what would happen to Peter's house? _____

4. Why would the hole in the dike get bigger as the water ran through? _____

5. How would Peter feel by the time the man found him? _____

Why? _____

Read the story. Then finish the sentences.

Poor Moon

One fine evening a traveller came to a village but found none of the people at home. Later he found them gathered around a pond outside the village. They had brooms, rakes, and pitch-forks, and were reaching and reaching into the pond. Something seemed to have fallen into the water, and everyone was doing his best to pull it out.

"Hello!" cried the traveller, "what's the matter?"

"Matter enough!" cried the villagers.

"The moon has fallen from the sky and has dropped into the pond, and we are trying to pull her out."

"Nonsense!" said the traveller, laughing. "Look up at the sky; there is the moon shining brightly as ever."

But the people turned angrily on the traveller with their brooms, rakes, and pitch-forks and drove him away.

"What nonsense the man talks," said they. "You have only to look down to see that the moon is in the water."

—ENGLISH FOLK TALE

The traveller found no one in the village because _____

The villagers had all gone to the pond because _____

Because they thought the moon had fallen into the water, _____

The traveller didn't believe the moon was in the water because _____

Because he could see the moon in the sky, he _____

Because he laughed at the silly people, _____

Read the last paragraph again. Write what the traveller might have answered.

Weighing an Elephant

There was once a king in the far East who had a tame elephant of which he was very fond. To honor his elephant, the king decided to give a large sum of money to the poor. His gift would be as much silver as would equal the weight of the huge elephant.

Now this was a great gift, indeed. But how was it possible to weigh the elephant? No one in the world had ever done such a thing. There were no weighing machines large enough. The wise men of the land thought and thought. But not one of them could say how to weigh the elephant.

Now it so happened that a poor sailor who loved the sea heard about the king's offer. He thought of a plan for weighing the elephant and he went to the king's castle.

When the king asked about his plan, the sailor said, "I do not wish to disclose my plan. I ask that your highness give me enough money to build a boat."

"And what if you fail?"

"I shall remain in your service until the cost of the boat is paid."

"And if you succeed?"

"You must allow me to keep the boat so that I may sail on the sea for the rest of my life."

The king agreed, and the sailor began to build the boat. For many days he worked beside the sea while curious people watched and wondered.

When the boat was finished, the sailor tied it close to the shore and laid

strong planks from it to the land. Then he sent for the king, the elephant, and the bags of silver.

The crowd of curious scoffers grew larger. But the sailor was not upset.

Carefully, he led the elephant across the strong planks to the boat. Slowly, the boat began to sink lower and lower from the elephant's weight.

The people shouted, "The elephant will drown! The elephant will drown!"

But the sailor said nothing. He waited quietly for the boat to settle. When it had stopped sinking, he led the elephant back to land.

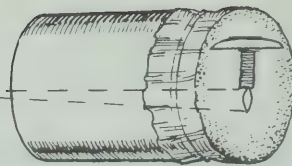
Now the boat rose in the water, and the people saw that its lower part was wet. Around the outside of the boat, at the place where the water mark stopped, the sailor carefully drew a white line. Then he turned to the king's servants and said, "Put the bags of silver on the boat."

The servants obeyed, and the people laughed heartily at the sailor's strange actions. But he took no notice.

As the bags of silver were placed on the boat, it began to sink down as before. Lower and lower it sank, as the great piles of silver grew. "Hold," said the sailor at last, and he pointed to the outside of the boat. The white mark had sunk again to the water's edge.

"Now," the sailor said to the king, "you have a weight of silver that is equal to the weight of the elephant. They both make the boat sink to the same depth."

Tin-Can Camera



To make this "camera," you need an empty, clean tin can. Any size will do. Punch a small hole in the bottom with a nail. Stretch a piece of waxed paper over the open end of the can and hold it there with a rubber band. You are ready to go.

Take your camera into a dark room. Point it at a candle or a table lamp, keeping the waxed paper toward you. Hold it at arm's length and look at the picture on the waxed paper. You will see the image of the candle flame or lamp, upside down.

A real camera uses the same principle as your tin-can camera, except that it

does the job better. It has a film instead of the waxed paper. The film is coated by chemicals that are changed by light to make the image into a lasting picture. In a real camera the lens does the same kind of job as your little nail hole — it forms an image. But the lens lets in a whole lot more light so that the film can do its work quickly.

On a bright day put a coat or a dark cloth over your head and point your tin-can camera out the window. You can watch the images of cars driving by, upside down and going the wrong way.

—EDWARD KIRKPATRICK

Answer the questions:

1. How big should the can be? _____
2. Could you use a can that had both ends cut off? _____ Why? _____
3. How do you get a hole in the bottom of the can? _____
4. Would you use a big spike to punch the hole? _____ Why? _____
5. How do you keep the waxed paper on the open end of the can? _____
6. In what kind of room can you use the "camera"? _____
7. Where do you see the candle in your camera? _____
8. How does it look? _____
9. What does a real camera have instead of waxed paper? _____
10. When you point your tin-can camera out the window, why must you put a dark cloth over your head? _____
11. How will the cars look? _____

The castle has been empty as long as anyone can remember. It was built over fifty years ago by a wealthy old nobleman to hide his money and his beautiful young wife. But the young wife died, some say of loneliness. The old man's grief was so great that he soon followed her. People believe that his ghost still walks through the towers looking for her.

The castle is the only building in that lonely valley, made gloomy by the high mountains on both sides. A traveller can see the outline of the towers as soon as he enters the valley but must walk many miles to reach the structure. It can be approached only from the front. The back of the castle looks over a deep ravine through which a mountain stream rushes.

The once-beautiful gardens and lawns now are overgrown with long grasses, shrubs, and flowers that have grown wild. The tangled mass has grown so high that it covers the black iron fence that surrounds the main grounds. The fence no longer protects the castle, for the hinges on the gates are rusted, and the gates hang sadly.

The castle is a huge structure made of dark gray stone. A high central tower with rows of tiny windows rises a hundred feet above the rest of the castle. On each side of it are three smaller towers with similar rows of windows. The towers on the left are beginning to sag, giving them a crazy appearance. The towers are connected

by a building with carvings of animals all along the top. The once-enormous chimney now has caved in. Except for the high windows in the central tower, every window in the castle is broken, letting wind, rain, and snow blow into the rooms.

Those who have dared to venture inside have seen only one small room at the back of the castle. It is impossible to open any of the heavy black doors, but there is one window that is low enough for a person to climb through.

Once inside, it is necessary to light a lantern to see through the gloom. The window leads to a little room that must have been a bedroom. The walls are of dark, worm-eaten oak. A black chest of drawers with handles carved to look like snakes stands in one corner. A black dressing table with a broken mirror and the same carved handles stands in another. A narrow bed juts out between the two. At the top of the bed two snakes are entwined, and their green jewelled eyes seem to come to life as the lantern flashes in front of them. The sharp smell of mice is everywhere.

Nobody knows what the towers hold. There has been talk of looking in them for the nobleman's wealth. But when the subject is mentioned, somebody always points to the central tower where the windows are unbroken. It is there, they say, that a ghost stands guard. And until now, no man has dared to enter.

Can you remember what you read? Answer these questions about the old castle without looking at page 91.

1. When was the castle built? _____

2. Where was the castle built? _____

3. Why can you get to the castle only from the front? _____

4. Describe the castle grounds. _____

5. What is the castle made of? _____

6. How many towers are there altogether? _____
7. What is along the top of the building that connects the towers? _____

8. Which windows are not broken? _____

9. Why are people afraid to go into the towers? _____

10. What do the handles on the chest of drawers look like? _____

11. Where else do these same carvings appear? _____

12. What do some people think may be hidden in the towers? _____



Bread with a Pioneer Flavor

Today, as in pioneer days, bread is one of our basic foods. However, there have been changes in both the bread and the baking methods.

In pioneer days, bread was usually baked in an outdoor oven. The oven, built close to the house, was a building about five and one-half feet wide and seven feet long. A strong roof of bark logs or slabs sheltered it from the wind and rain. Earlier ovens, made of clay, were supported on tree stumps or posts and had wooden doors. Later, ovens were made of handmade bricks placed on a stone base. They had chimneys and hinged iron doors. These huge ovens could hold from ten to fifteen large loaves at one time.

The early settlers liked best bread made from wheat flour. But sometimes they ran out of wheat and had to use corn, rye, and buckwheat. Ways of growing, grinding, and cooking grain were learned from the Indians.

Grinding wheat into flour was a problem. For many years wheat was ground in a small coffee- or pepper-mill at home. This was hard work, and the flour was very coarse. The bread

was good, since it contained all the bran, but the loaves were coarse and black. When the first mills were built by the government, settlers willingly walked thirty miles for good milled flour. In order to make the flour last, women often added boiled potatoes or cornmeal to the dough.

Baking day came once or twice a week in most pioneer homes. The night before baking day, a steady fire of long-burning maple logs was made in the bake-oven. All morning the fire was kept hot as the housewife prepared the dough.

Flour, yeast, and water were mixed together to form the dough. The dough was kneaded and placed by the hearth to rise. After supper, the ashes were raked out through the oven door. The large loaves were shaped and placed on the end of a long wooden shovel called a peel or slice. Then they were slipped off the end of the peel onto the glowing coals of the oven and the door was closed tightly. In the morning the housewife removed the good, crusty loaves.

—MARGERY R. STEWART

Bats

People usually shudder when we mention bats. This is unfortunate because most bats are harmless and interesting little creatures.

The mother bat cares for her baby just as carefully as a human mother. The bat carries her baby with her for the first two weeks. Like all mammals, she provides it with milk by nursing it. Although it is tiny, blind, and helpless when born, the baby grows rapidly under this good care and is soon ready to go into the world on its own. By the time it is two weeks old, its wings are ready for flight.

A bat's wing is unusual. It really is a thin skin that stretches from the arm-like front limb, along the body, to the hind leg. In some bats the wing span measures only fourteen inches; in others, it measures five feet. Although the large bat has a body that is one foot long, the wings are strong enough to carry it on a flight of twenty miles in one night.

The flying habits of bats are amazing. Although they fly only at night when it is dark, they never strike an object, even an object as thin as a thread. They cannot see in the dark but they have a special sense that warns them before a collision can take place. Thousands of bats might fly in close formation but they never hit each other.

In spite of their independence in flight, bats are social animals and usually live in communities of several hundred. During the day the whole community

sleeps in a dark place like a cave, a hollow tree trunk, or among rocks. They roost by holding on with their feet and hanging their heads down. At sunset, all the bats begin the night search for food by surging out of the sleeping place all together. This flight fills the air with a rumbling sound.

There are hundreds of different kinds of bats, but the kind most common in North America is the Little Brown Bat, also called the Mouse-Eared Bat. It is a dainty little animal that is about two inches long and has a short tail. It has a cunning pug face and bright eyes. This bat is furred, except for its wings, and is dark brown in color. It is friendly and will not bite unless it is trapped or sick. If it flies over your head some evening, do not worry about the old story that it will fly into your hair. That would be a rare accident because its special sense warns it to avoid you. It is only flying above you to catch the insects that follow you.

All bats are not as appealing as Little Brown Bat. Some have hideous faces. The Jackass Bat has a tiny face and enormous ears. The Horseshoe Bat has a nose shaped like a horseshoe. The Bulldog Bat has large teeth and a face that looks like a bulldog. The Leaf-Chinned Bat has a face that is lost in folds of skin. It is unlikely that you will see one of the hideous bats in North America. If you do, you might not like its appearance, but it would not harm you.

The Day Caroline Looked After the Farm

1. Caroline could feel the rough bark of the logs as she leaned against the wall of the house. She wiggled her bare toes and pulled the red gingham dress up to her knees. The spring of 1899 was warm, and the May sun felt good.

Caroline was in charge of the farm for the whole day. There was no one to say, "Caroline, take care of your dress" or "You know you're not to take off your shoes and stockings" or "Caroline, take your nose out of that book. You haven't finished carrying the water."

2. Caroline was on the third chapter of her book when she heard a noise down at the pig pen and rushed off to see what was the matter. The pigs were running in every direction, screaming and squealing as they ran. Over in the corner a big coyote was trying to get hold of Squeeky, Caroline's pet pig. Caroline picked up a rock and threw it at the coyote. He turned, baring his ugly teeth, and snarled at her. She picked up more stones and kept throwing them. The coyote slid through the top poles of the pig pen and headed off to the bush.

The pigs soon settled down again. Caroline called Squeeky, and he came over to the fence. She had fed Squeeky with a bottle since he was born, and now he was three weeks old. She stroked and patted him, and then decided she would give him another bottle of milk.

As Caroline got the bottle ready, she thought to herself: "I'm growing up.

Just look at the way I have taken care of things today."

3. The night before, Caroline hadn't been able to believe her ears when her dad had said, "Caroline, you are past eleven years old. Do you think you could look after the farm for a whole day?"

"Of course I can," she had answered. "I've taken care of Squeeky, haven't I?"

"Looking after a pig for a few minutes a day and taking care of a farm are two very different things," her father had replied.

Her mother and dad had to make the ten-mile trip to Edmonton and would be gone all day. They had tried to arrange for a neighbor to come over and do the chores, but May was a busy time for everyone. With plowing and seeding, and new-born animals on all the farms, no one could spare the time.

The farm couldn't be left alone all day and so it was decided. Caroline would stay at home and look after it.

Everyone had got up early. The cows were milked and turned out to pasture. The pigs were fed. The horses were hitched to the wagon. Caroline was given a long list of instructions. By nine o'clock her mother and dad were ready to leave. Caroline was in charge of the farm.

4. She fed the chickens and gathered the eggs. Then she went back to the house to make her bed and tidy the room. She stopped to admire her red

gingham dress, hanging on its peg. It was a very special dress, the very first she had ever owned that had not been home-made. Last fall, when she had seen the dress in the catalogue, she had told her mother how badly she wanted it.

"Perhaps you are old enough to earn it," her mother had said. "Out there in the potato patch there is a lot of work waiting for some one. If you dig and pick up six full sacks of potatoes, we will see about getting that dress."

It had taken an awful lot of potatoes to fill those sacks, but Caroline had stayed with it, and the dress was ordered. It seemed a shame she only got to wear it to church on Sundays, and had to change it as soon as she was home. Then she remembered, today was different. There was no one to tell her what to do. She would just try it on. It felt so good, she just couldn't take it off right away, so she went back to the kitchen.

How the time flew! It was after eleven o'clock, and it suddenly seemed like a long time since breakfast. Caroline got out a new loaf of bread that had been baked yesterday. She spread the butter on good and thick, just the way she liked it, and then piled lots of honey on top. She carefully wiped the drippings of honey off her good dress. The spots hardly showed at all. Then she took a blanket and her book outside.

Caroline spread out the blanket and made herself comfortable. The sun was so warm she took off her high button shoes and her long black stockings. She

opened her book and began to read. And that was when the coyote had got into the pig pen.

5. Now Caroline wiped off Squeeky's bottle and started back to the pig pen.

But suddenly she stopped. On the far side of the pen, heading towards the field, was the coyote again, and this time he had the scruff of Squeeky's neck clutched firmly in his teeth. Caroline dropped the bottle and started to run after him.

"Drop my pig," she shouted angrily. Her pig was not going to be a dinner for that sneaky old animal if she could help it.

Poor Squeeky hung limp and silent. He dangled from side to side as the coyote trotted along. He was heavy, and the coyote had to rest from time to time. Caroline was sure she would catch him but she wished she had not taken off her shoes and stockings. The stubble in the field felt like a thousand pins and needles stabbing into her feet. But she didn't stop. She had often won races at picnics, but she had never run so fast or so far as she was running now.

She was close enough to see that the coyote was getting tired. But she tripped on a root, and fell flat on her face in a puddle of water. Her beautiful dress was covered with mud. Her hair had come loose and hung in her face. She crawled out of the puddle, got up and ran on. The coyote was tired too, and had to rest more and more often. Caroline picked up some rocks and threw them, but he didn't stop. She was

so close now she could almost touch him, but how could she make him drop the pig?

6. Then she tripped again, but in falling, she reached out and grabbed the bushy tail. She pulled and yanked, and the coyote pulled, but he didn't let go of the pig. Caroline was so tired, cross, and angry that she twisted the coyote's tail just as hard as she could. The coyote gave a yelp and dropped the pig.

Poor Squeaky didn't need a second chance. He wasn't quiet any more. He

set out for home just as fast as he could go, squealing and screaming all the way. The coyote ran off just as fast in the other direction.

Caroline picked herself up and turned back towards home. She had rescued her pig, and she was very proud of herself. Then she looked at her best dress, all splattered with mud and water, and at her poor feet, and she didn't feel so good. Staying home alone wasn't as much fun as she had thought it would be.

—ELMA LANG

What time would it be if you were saying this? Write your answers on the lines.

1. "I'm really going to catch it this time. Mom warned me not to dare be late for dinner again. And I'm sure going to be late. It's half an hour past dinnertime right now, and I have to deliver my papers before I eat. That job always takes me at least half an hour."

Time _____

2. "Bye, Mom, I'm off to school."

Time _____

3. "Sorry I'm late for practice. Dad made me practise my music for a whole hour after dinner. I swallowed my dinner as fast as I could, and dashed

right down here as soon as I was finished my music. It couldn't have taken me more than five minutes."

Time _____

4. "Time for my favorite TV program!"

Time _____

5. "I sure won't get to school on time today. It's ten after nine right now and I'm just leaving home.

"By the time I get to school it will be _____."

6. "Guess I'd better get going. Dad's just left for work."

Time _____

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Words

I like stand-up words. straight still	I like funny words. hoot wiggle
I like sit-down words. slide spill	I like sleepy words. soft pillow
I like scary words. Whooo's there?	I like sad words. weeping willow
I like noisy words. Bang! Blare!	I like pretty words. tinkle silk
I like happy words. grin giggle	I like eating words. bread milk

—GLENDA GREVE

All Sorts of Rain

Sometimes it rains rain
which is silver as moonlight,
sometimes it rains rain
which is golden as sun.
Sometimes it rains rose leaves
and pink apple blossoms
and cherry's white petals
on everyone.

—IVY O. EASTWICK

ON YOUR OWN

Down Through the Green Fields

Down through the green fields
the daisies run
and black-eyed Susans
drowse in the sun.

Buttercups golden
spill butter galore,
and runaround bumblebees
nuzzle d

e

e

p

d

o

w

n in each blossom,
and rumble for more.

Butterflies wobble
on colored wings,
up in the blue sky
the meadow-lark sings.

Down in the forest-pool,
watching the zigzagging flies,
the green Frog
sits on his lily-pad
with wide-open EYES.

—RALPH GUSTAFSON

1. Read the poem "Down Through the Green Fields."
2. How many colors did you see as you read the poem? _____
3. How many different "pictures" did you see? _____
4. What "sound" words were there in the poem? _____
5. Does the poet want us to "see" or to "hear" this day? _____
6. What kind of day do you think it is? _____

When Company Comes

We fold up the papers
and straighten the chairs,
and whisk extra sweaters
and jackets upstairs,
and help bake the cookies
(and eat all the crumbs),
and polish the silver . . .
when company comes.

We get out the dishes
we don't often use,
and sweep all the cubbies
and put away shoes,
and dust all the vases
and fiddle-de-dums,
and can't find our playthings . . .
when company comes.

We use our best glasses,
our candlesticks gleam,
we have little nut-cups,
and cake and ice cream,
and candy and other such
yummy-yum-yums,
but it isn't like OUR house . . .
when company comes!

—AILEEN FISHER

Mrs. Mouse's Birthday Tea

It was Mrs. Mouse's birthday
On the day right after Thursday,
And the invitations all were out for tea
To the other Mrs. Mouses
In their cozy mouses' houses,
And they all said they would come if they
were free.
She was having cheese and bacon
And some toast that she had taken
From the pantry and the cellar storage bin,
And her little nest was bulging,
For she hadn't been indulging
So there'd be all sorts of goodies for her kin.
Mrs. Mouse's only worry,
And it caused her quite a flurry,
Was the cat that prowled outside her
mousehole door.
But she watched his habits closely
And she noted that he mostly
Took his nap from half past three to
half past four.
So she made her preparations
And continued saving rations,
Till on Friday she was ready for her guests.
While the hateful cat was sleeping,
They came running, they came creeping,
Dressed in petticoats of lace and Sunday
vests.
There was dancing! There was singing!
There was even Highland flinging.
Then they all enjoyed a cheese and bacon
tea.

When the time came for departing,
And they thought they should be starting,
Mrs. Mouse peeked out to see if all was
clear.
But she saw a sight of horror,
For the cat was there before her!
Mrs. Mouse drew back and tried to hide
her fear.
"Now, my dears, we must be clever!"
Mrs. Mouse said, though she never
Stirred outside unless the cat was
sound asleep.
"I'll run out and keep him busy,
Then when I have teased him dizzy,
You run quickly for the door without a
peep."
Mrs. Mouse, with mousely cunning,
Had been practising her running,
Just in case this very danger should
befall.
Out she scampered in a hurry,
And the cat whirled in a flurry,
While her guests dashed swiftly out
and down the hall.
Mrs. Mouse ran through the kitchen,
With her tail just barely twitchin',
And she dodged the cat and ran back to
her nest.
While the cat prowled outside, fuming,
Mrs. Mouse sat calmly grooming,
Then swept up the crumbs and settled
down to rest.

—EDITH JANE HARRISON

Follow the directions below the poems. Write your answers in your notebooks.

February Twilight

I stood beside a hill
Smooth with new-laid snow,
A single star looked out
From the cold evening glow.

There was no other creature
That saw what I could see —
I stood and watched the evening star
As long as it watched me.

—SARA TEASDALE

June

The day is warm
and a breeze is blowing,
the sky is blue
and its eye is glowing,
and everything's new
and green and growing . . .

My shoes are off
and my socks are showing . . .

My socks are off . . .

Do you know how I'm going?

BAREFOOT!

—AILEEN FISHER

My Rocket Ship

In the rocket ship that I built myself
From a box, a tub, and a broom,
I flew all the way to the moon today,
With a rip, a roar, and a boom!

I nodded at Mars, dodged comets and stars,
Hit the Milky Way with a splash,
Then my silver ship, on its upper lip,
Wore a curious white mustache!

I had to zip on this dangerous trip,
But my rocket ship is a winner —
Though I blasted away quite late in the day,
I was home in time for dinner!

—FRANCES GORMAN RISSE

1. Read "February Twilight." Think about the poem. Tell who you think is speaking. Tell where you think the person is and why you think he or she is there. Underline all the words that help you to see the picture the author describes.

2. Read "June." Underline the words in the poem that tell what this June day is like.

Are all June days like this one?

How are they sometimes different?

What is the author's June treat?

What do you like to do on a day like the one she describes?

3. Read "My Rocket Ship."

Try to picture the rocket ship. List the words that help you to imagine what it's like. Underline the words that tell you what route the rocket ship followed. Circle the words that show the speed with which the rocket ship travelled. Where did it really go?

Pete's Magic Glasses

1. "Pete," coaxed Mother, passing him his dessert, "won't you try the glasses just once? Just to see how they work?"

"No," said Pete, squeezing his eyes shut for an instant, then snapping them open again. "No!"

The family was just finishing dinner. Pete had been hoping that the meal would end without Mother asking him again about the glasses. Suddenly he didn't want any dessert. With a hasty, "Scuse me, please," he slid from his chair and hurried out.

He sat down on the veranda step and gazed at the back fence. From where he sat, it was a blur of white, blue, and pink. Pete knew that if he walked down the yard the blur would become blue delphiniums and pink roses and white fence. He always had to get close to things to see them clearly, but it didn't matter much except when he tried to catch a ball or watch a parade. Now, suddenly, everyone was worried about what he saw.

It had all started on his fifth birthday, when he got some new picture books. Pete had never liked books very much. If he looked at them for long, his eyes got tired. He was really much more interested in his new fire engine, but when his mother asked him, he sat down obediently and opened one of the new books.

"For goodness sake, Pete," Mother exclaimed, "don't squint like that and don't hold the book so close to your eyes."

"I can see it better when I hold it here," Pete explained.

"Really, Pete," she said, "I think you must need glasses."

So the next day Pete and his mother had gone to see a doctor.

2. The doctor seated Pete on a chair at one end of his office and said, "Now watch that wall down there, Pete, and tell me what you see."

He turned a switch, and a square of light with some marks on it appeared on the opposite wall. The marks in the square were blurred, just as the back fence was blurred. Pete squinted and squirmed trying to decide what the marks were.

Then the doctor put a pair of frames on Pete's face and fitted little glasses into them, and suddenly the marks cleared, and he could see a little sail boat in the centre of the square.

"It's a boat," he told the doctor, delightedly.

"That's right, Pete," said the doctor. "Now what's this?" and he changed the square.

But the next picture was blurred, too, so the doctor adjusted the little glasses in the frames on Pete's face, and again the picture became clear. The doctor did this over and over, changing and adjusting the little glasses until each picture showed up clearly.

Finally he said, "There you are, Pete. That's all."

In the days that followed, Pete had forgotten about the glasses.

3. Then, this morning, just as he finished breakfast, Mother had said, "Pete, your new glasses have come. Let's try them on."

"No," said Pete.

"But, Pete," Mother was surprised, "you'll see things so much better."

"No," said Pete. He knew all about glasses!

When Pete had been just a little boy and Grandfather came to visit, he used to reach for the shining things on Grandfather's face.

"No, no, Pete," Mother would say, "don't touch Grandfather's glasses. You might break them."

"But Pete," Mother had gone on to explain this morning, "when you start school next month, you'll need glasses. Lots of children wear them. Look at Tommy. He wears his glasses all the time."

Pete knew all about Tommy's glasses!

Tommy was in Grade Three; and sometimes he would come over in Pete's yard and play ball. One afternoon Pete had been sitting on Tommy's back steps waiting for him to come home from school. Suddenly Tommy rushed around the corner of the house, up the steps past Pete without even saying "hello," and into his kitchen; and Pete heard him say to his mother, "The kids wouldn't let me play ball. They said I wore glasses and couldn't see well enough to play. I hate glasses!"

No, sir! Pete wasn't going to wear glasses.

At lunch time, Mother had tried again. "Pete, do try the glasses. Jane wears hers."

Jane was the baby-sitter who sometimes stayed with Pete. He knew all about Jane's glasses!

One cold evening last winter, Jane had come to stay with him and, as she came in the door, she took her glasses off, saying, "Oh, these glasses! Whenever I come into a warm place they steam up. They're such a nuisance."

"No!" said Pete. "I won't wear them." And he had hurried out to play.

Now, at dinner, Pete's mother had said again, "Pete, please try the glasses just once."

"No," said Pete. "No."

4. So now he was sitting on the back door-step and looking out over the yard toward the back fence.

It began to grow dark. Pete was sure it was past his bedtime, but nobody called him.

It grew darker and darker, but still nobody came to fetch him.

Finally it was quite dark. He could no longer see the back fence. He felt very alone.

Just then the kitchen door opened, and his father's footsteps came across the veranda. "Hi there, son," said Dad. "Thought I'd keep you company." He sat down beside Pete, "Been watching the sky?"

Pete glanced up. The sky looked blurry as it always did, only now it was a dark blur instead of a light one.

"I used to sit just like this and watch the stars with my dad when I was your age," Dad went on.

Stars? Pete looked at his father, wondering if he were joking. But his

father was leaning back, looking up at the night sky. Pete looked up again but all he could see was the same blur he had seen a minute ago.

"What are stars, Dad?"

"Try these and look again," said Dad, and Pete felt something slipped on his nose and over his eyes.

Now there were sparkling lights, bright twinkling lights, hundreds and hundreds of them . . . big and small . . . wherever Pete looked.

For the first time Pete saw the stars!

He snatched off the glasses and looked again, and it was the same old blur. He held the glasses up to his eyes, and there were the stars!

"Were they always there, Dad?"

"Yes, son, . . . always."

"Are they magic, Dad . . . the glasses?"

"Well," his father replied thoughtfully, "I suppose you might say so . . . an everyday magic . . . because thousands of people wear glasses every day."

"Tomorrow night can I put the glasses on and see the stars?"

"Why not put them on first thing tomorrow morning, and see lots of other things just as magic as stars, Pete; . . . things you've been missing all along?"

"Okay. Then I guess I'm tired enough to go to bed now."

"Fine, son. Off we go!"

And together Pete and Dad went in the back door and upstairs to Pete's room.

—CLARIBEL GESNER

ON YOUR OWN

Read again the poems on page 102. Answer the questions.

1. In "February Twilight," Sara Teasdale wrote about evening. You could tell it was evening because
 - (a) _____
 - (b) _____

 2. "Aileen Fisher likes the month of 'June.'" What makes a reader think that?
 - (a) _____
 - (b) _____

 3. "My Rocket Ship" is about a toy rocket. How can you tell?
 - (a) _____
 - (b) _____
-

Read this old fable and answer the questions.

The Ant and the Grasshopper

One fine summer's day a Grasshopper was hopping about and singing loudly in a field. The Grasshopper was having a fine time, enjoying the sunshine, eating when he liked, and singing his merry songs. An Ant came along carrying a heavy grain of corn he was taking to his nest.

"Come and play with me," said the Grasshopper. "It's much too pleasant in the sun to be working so hard."

"I have no time to play," said the Ant. "I must get my food for the winter all stored. You should be doing the same."

"Oh, I can't be bothered with winter," said the Grasshopper. "There is plenty of food now. And I like to play and sing."

But the Ant went on its way and continued to work every day. And the Grasshopper kept up his merry, lazy ways all summer long.

When winter came, the Grasshopper could find no food. He knew that while he was dying of hunger, the Ant had plenty of food in its storehouse. Then the Grasshopper knew that the Ant was right.

—AESOP

Why was the Ant working so hard?

What two reasons did the Grasshopper give for not working?

(1) _____

(2) _____

Which insect do you think was right?

Why? _____

What did the Grasshopper learn?

Do you agree with the main idea of this story? _____

Why? _____

Magic Creatures of Norway

If you were to visit Norway, you would find a country with many beautiful lakes and streams, with high mountains and green valleys. The people of Norway tell tales of the magic creatures who, long ago, were believed to have lived there.

The Troll

Trolls are enormous giants who live in the mountains and forests. They are so big that you can see their heads above the tallest treetops when they walk in the woods, and they have huge heads with enormous noses and long, untidy hair. Some trolls have two or three heads with only one eye. And sometimes a couple of trolls have to share one eye between them; each troll has a hole in his forehead in which he puts the eye when it is his turn. The one who has the eye walks in front, and the other follows him.

Very often a troll has a walking stick—a big tree turned upside down so that the roots make a handle. A troll might even have a tree or two growing out of his hair. Very old trolls often have a whole forest growing up their back. Trolls are very powerful and full of magic, but they cannot stand daylight or sunshine. That makes them burst.

The Nisse

Living on each farm in Norway there is a kind old man called the “nisse.” The nisse is always tiny and old and gray, with a long white beard. He wears wooden shoes and a tall, pointed, red cap. He doesn’t have a thumb, and his hands are hairy. The nisse is good to you if you are good to him, but if you are unkind, he can do a lot of harm. So

every farmer must be on good terms with him.

The nisse is only seen in the barn. Two kind eyes will suddenly look at you through a bundle of hay, or you will see a shade darting across the floor as you open the door. Then the nisse will disappear up into the rafters.

The nisse loves porridge, and a farmer must always bring a bowl of it to the barn on Christmas Eve. Then the nisse will dance round the bowl.

The Hulder

In the forests and up on the mountains there are also magic creatures. They are called “hulders.” Hulder means “those who are hidden.” The hulders have ugly men and beautiful women. The hulder girls are so beautiful that there is nothing like them among human beings. The hulders have the most wonderful music of their own. They play from certain mountains on Midsummer Night and Christmas Night.

People used to think that hulders stole babies and left ugly, horrible hulder babies in their places. To keep the hulder away, it was the custom to put something made of steel in the cradle and in the baby’s clothes. Hulders are afraid of the steel because the farmers used steel and fire to frighten them out of the mountain farms in spring.

—SIGNY EIKELAND

1. Long ago men depended on wild plants and animals for food. They moved from place to place hunting wild animals and looking for good crops of wild plants. After hundreds of years they learned that animals could be tamed and plants grown by planting seeds. Cows and sheep and other animals were tamed and kept in one place so that men did not have to travel about looking for meat. Seeds were planted so that men could grow food close to home.

3. Many wild animals have protective coloring. This means that the animal is colored much like the place where it lives so that it is hard to see. A grasshopper is green like the grain in summer, but it turns brown when the grain turns brown. The young partridge looks like the brown leaves lying on the ground. And a little brown rabbit can hop through the underbrush without ever being seen.

2. The people of Egypt learned how to write long before we had an alphabet. They made a kind of paper called papyrus from the reeds along the Nile River. They cut long strips of papyrus and fastened a stick to each end. The books were written on the papyrus and then rolled up on the stick at the bottom. As the book was read, it was unrolled from that stick and rolled on to the other.

4. When people first came to our country from France and England, there were no houses for them to live in. They found great forests covering much of the land. Indians made their homes in the forests. Wild animals roamed through the woods looking for food. The new settlers needed houses to protect them. So they chopped down the trees of the forest and built log houses to shelter their families.

5. No cold-blooded creature can move about during our cold northern winters. When it's below freezing, their blood temperature falls too low to allow them to move. So lizards and frogs, snakes and salamanders creep into safe places to sleep the winter away.

The Fastest Little Seal

1. One sunny May day in the far north of Baffin Island, Gray Mother Seal and Netsiapik, the white-coated baby seal, were resting on top of the snow-covered ice of the frozen sea. They were in one of their little spring-time houses, a kind of tiny igloo that had formed above a breathing hole. The snow roof was very thin, and the sunshine outside was so bright that it was quite light inside. Netsiapik was only a week old, but it was time for him to begin to learn how to look after himself. His mother was telling him about some of the narrow escapes she had had when Nanuq the polar bear or Anguti the man were about.

2. "Nanuq and Anguti can't see us but they know we're here," Gray Mother Seal went on. "They have noses to smell with and eyes to see the bump in the snow that is our house. Maybe they can even see the steam of our breath coming through the little hole in the middle of the roof. So you must always, ALWAYS, listen for sounds, and when you hear sounds, just do this."

While she was saying the last word, Gray Mother Seal slipped quietly into the water. Netsiapik was so surprised that all he could do was stare at the bubbles that rose to the top of the hole in the ice. A moment or two later his mother's head popped up in the hole, and she asked, "Why didn't you follow me, Netsiapik?"

"You were too fast," the baby seal replied.

"But you have to be quick or you'll be caught," Gray Mother Seal explained. "Let's practise. Slip into the water after me, just as quick as a wink." And once more she vanished into the breathing hole.

3. Netsiapik followed as fast as he could, and when he had dived to the bottom of the thick, thick ice, he swam after his mother in the sea water beneath it. Soon she went back up through the breathing hole and into the little igloo. Netsiapik followed.

"How was that?" he asked.

"Quite good," she replied, "but not fast enough. We'll try again after you've had a rest. We'll keep on practising until you're the fastest little seal that ever was."

And that is what they did.

4. On the far side of the bay, snug in a snowdrift by the shore, lived Mother Polar Bear and Nanuapik her cream-coated baby. One sunny day in early May, Nanuapik put his head out of the snowbank and looked across the frozen sea and saw the rainbow colors of the frost crystals that glistened in the bright sunshine.

"Mother, I'm hungry," he said.

"Well, then, go and look for something to eat," she told him. "I've given you enough lessons so that you can get food for yourself."

"But I never get anything," Nanuapik answered. "All the little seal igloos are empty."

"That's because you're the laziest little bear that ever was," Mother Polar Bear replied. "If you walked without making any noise, you'd be able to scoop the seals out of their igloos just the way I do. We'll have some walking practice." She stood on her hind legs, put one paw behind an ear to listen carefully, and told Nanuapik to walk.

Nanuapik tried very hard to walk on the tips of his toes the way his mother had taught him.

"How was that?" he asked her.

"Quite good," she replied, "but not good enough. It's your toenails that I can hear. You don't walk enough to wear them down; you're just too lazy. All you want to do is to sleep and sleep and to eat all that I catch for you."

"I'll try to do better, Mother, but I'm so hungry," he begged.

"All right, Nanuapik," Mother Polar Bear answered. "I'll catch dinner for you today, but tomorrow you'll catch your own."

5. The next day Nanuapik was up early. He put his head out of the snow-bank, shaded his eyes with a paw, and looked out over the ice.

"I'm going to look for something to eat," he told his mother.

"That's a good boy," she said.

"Maybe if I walk right to the other side of the bay my toenails will wear down a bit and the seals won't hear

me," he said to himself as he set off. But long before he was across the bay he felt tired, so he stopped to rest.

6. "I guess Mother means what she says," he told himself after he had rested a while. Wearily he went on across the bay. He walked and walked, and when he had nearly reached the other side, he stood on his hind legs and put his paw to his eyes to scan the top of the snow-covered ice for bumps that might be little seal igloos.

"I believe I can see one right there," he said to himself. "Yes, I'm sure it's a little seal house." He was very careful to walk on the tips of his toes, but his toenails were still too long and made a scratch, scratch sound on the hard snow that covered the ice.

Suddenly Netsiapik dived into the breathing hole, and his mother followed. Nanuapik thrust his paw into the little igloo, feeling quite sure he'd get a seal.

"Just what I told Mother; there's nothing there," he said, and he nearly cried. "I was so very, VERY careful not to make a sound, but still I didn't get anything." And Nanuapik turned sadly back towards his home.

But Gray Mother Seal swam beside Netsiapik looking very proud. "You heard the scratch-scratch sound of the bear as soon as I did. You slipped into the water ahead of me. You really are the fastest little seal that ever was."

Water

Water is a lovely thing:
Dark and ripply in a spring;
Black and quiet in a pool,
In a puddle brown and cool;
In a river blue and gay,
In a rain-drop silver-gray;
In a fountain flashing white,
In a dewdrop crystal bright;
In a pitcher frosty-cold,
In a bubble pink and gold;
In a happy summer sea
Just as green as green can be;
In a rainbow, far unfurled,
Every color in the world.
All the year, from spring to spring,
Water is the loveliest thing!

—NANCY BYRD TURNER

ON YOUR OWN

1. What do these words make you think about?

rushing, flowing, splashing _____
silver, shining, flash _____
soft, silky, sleek, smooth _____
zip, swish, zoom _____
sparkle, twinkle, glow _____
boom, roar, rumble _____
chirp, twitter, cheep _____

2. Write three words that you think go with each of the following:

a caterpillar	_____	_____	_____
the sidewalk	_____	_____	_____
a tree in winter	_____	_____	_____
a fawn	_____	_____	_____
an icicle	_____	_____	_____
skating	_____	_____	_____
recess at school	_____	_____	_____

The Wind and the Loaf

Once upon a time a little wind grew tired of playing with the leaves and decided to have some fun. And the wind went skipping over the rooftops looking for someone to play a trick on.

Now it happened that this was Saturday, and Saturday was the day that old Mrs. Poompersnitz always had baked beans and brown bread for her supper. But today when she peeked in the high cupboard there was nothing left but the dry heel of the loaf. Just then she saw the postman.

"Oh, Mr. Postman," she called from the window, "do stop at the store and tell them to send me up a loaf . . . brown . . . and some milk, please."

The little wind had been lurking around the window and now he laughed as he caught the words and twisted the sounds around and snuffled and muffled and gruffled them until by the time he tossed them to the postman they sounded like this:

"Oh, Mr. Postman, do stop at the store and tell them to send me up a coat . . . brown silk, please."

"Brown silk coat for Mrs. Poompersnitz," the postman said as he marched down the hill. "Brown silk coat, well, that's easy enough to remember."

By and by the postman grew tired and he sat down to rest. Soon he saw Jimmie Newsboy pedalling furiously along on his bicycle.

"Jimmie Newsboy," he called, "do stop at the store and tell them to send Mrs.

Poompersnitz a brown silk coat, please."

How the little wind gurgled and laughed over that one. And when he threw it back, what Jimmie heard was this:

"A brown, silky goat, please."

"Ho, ho, a brown, silky goat, please," Jimmie sang as he pedalled off. But by and by he saw some boys playing ball and he stopped to play with them. As he swung off his bicycle, he saw little Mr. Tottersby walking slowly down the street with a market basket over his arm.

"Oh, Mr. Tottersby," Jimmie called, "do tell them at the store to send up to Mrs. Poompersnitz a brown, silky goat, please."

"Oh," shrieked the wind, "this is just too funny. I'll play this trick once more, and then I'm off up the hill to see Mrs. Poompersnitz' face when she sees what she gets from the store."

"Tut, tut," said Mr. Tottersby as he tottered along. "Whatever does Mrs. Poompersnitz want with . . . oh, well, it's her business, I'm sure, and she's likely trying some of those new TV recipes."

Mr. Tottersby went into the big store and picked out his groceries. Then he went to the cashier's desk, paid his bill, and started away.

"Will that be all?" asked the cashier.

"Oh, dear, I almost forgot," said Mr. Tottersby. "Will you please send up some ground frilly trout sneeze to Mrs. Poompersnitz."

"Some wh-a-a-a-at?" said the cashier.

"Some ground frilly trout sneeze,"

Mr. Tottersby repeated and left the store at once.

"I'll call the wholesaler," the grocer said. "It must be a new kind of something . . . toothpaste, perhaps, or a soft drink. I shall have to order a lot because everyone will be asking for it."

"Never heard of it," said the wholesaler, banging down the telephone. "Ground frilly trout sneeze, indeed."

Just then the newsboy came into the store.

"Jimmie," said the grocer, "tell me, did you ever hear of ground frilly trout sneeze? You listen to the radio, watch TV, and all that. It's something that Mrs. Poompersnitz wants us to deliver. Mr. Tottersby told us."

Jimmie whooped with laughter. "I guess he heard me wrong," he giggled. "Mr. Postman told *me* to tell you, and I told Mr. Tottersby to tell you. What Mrs. Poompersnitz wants, really, is a brown goat. One with silky fur."

The grocer sighed. "This is a grocery store, not a pet shop," he said, "but for old Mrs. Poompersnitz I will get a brown goat with silky hair. After all, she is one of my best customers."

Mrs. Poompersnitz was just taking the bean crock from the oven when she heard a rap at her door. "That must be

the delivery boy with my brown loaf," she said and ran to the door.

The little wind giggled and gurgled around the door and hugged itself with mischief. It ruffled the brown silky hair on the little goat's back and made the bell around its neck tinkle.

Mrs. Poompersnitz opened the door.

"Here you are," boomed the grocer. "Here is the brown silky goat you told the postman to have me send up. And, believe me, it's a whole lot easier to find a brown silky goat than ground frilly trout sneeze."

"Whatever are you talking about?" said Mrs. Poompersnitz. "And where is my Saturday loaf?"

But the grocer was already far down the hill, with the little wind pushing after him.

"Well, it can't be helped now," Mrs. Poompersnitz sighed. "I suppose I'll have to keep it. It really is quite pretty, and I will have milk and cheese without having to go to the store."

So she picked up the rope and led the ground frilly trout sneeze, brown silky goat, please, brown silk coat, please, brown loaf and milk, please . . . into her little barn. And the goat is still there.

—GLORIA LOGAN

Have you ever called someone a “stick-in-the-mud”? Have you ever been so excited that you had “goose pimples”? Do you know where sayings like this came from?

1. If you have ever been stuck in the mud, you know that it takes less effort to stand still than to try to move. Have you ever had a friend who seemed to be stuck like this even when he wasn't in the mud? You just couldn't persuade him to try a new game, or to go shopping, or to leave his home? We call a person like this a “stick-in-the-mud.”

2. Have you ever felt the skin of a goose after the feathers have been removed? The skin has little pimples where each feather used to enter. When we are very frightened or excited, our skin tingles and we can feel little pimples where each hair enters our skin. That's why we say that we are so frightened we have “goose pimples.”

3. If you have seen a fish flop about when it is out of water, you know how uncomfortable it must be. We say that a person in uncomfortable surroundings “is like a fish out of water.”

4. Can you imagine what it would be like to have a bee trapped in your hat? You wouldn't be able to think about anything else because of the bee's loud buzzing and your fear of being stung. We say that a person who can think of only one thing all the time has a “bee in his bonnet.”

5. A millstone is a heavy stone that is used at a mill to grind corn. This stone would be heavy to carry. Sometimes a person has trouble that seems like a heavy burden. We say that the trouble is “like a millstone around his neck.”

6. If you were to sit on pins and needles, you would soon begin to squirm with discomfort. When you are excited, you squirm because your feelings won't let you sit still. So we say that a person who is this excited is “on pins and needles.”

7. When the North American Indians made peace with each other, they had a ceremony in which they buried their hatchets and other weapons of war. When people make peace after any fight, we say they “bury the hatchet.”

8. There is a story in the Bible about a traveller who was beaten and robbed by thieves. As he lay by the roadside, several travellers went by without helping him. Finally a good man from Samaria came along and rescued the injured man. Since then we say that a person who rescues anyone in trouble is “a good Samaritan.”

The Legend of the Buffalo Sack

Long ago, the Indian people told this story as they sat around the campfire.

Once there was a strange and wicked man who wandered from camp to camp, causing trouble for the people. His name was Wihio.

One day Wihio visited a Cheyenne brave who lived in a fine lodge. Meat was hanging from poles, and there were many hides and robes lying around. Wihio noticed a curious-looking sack hanging from a lodge pole and decided he must find out what was in it. That night, when the young brave went to sleep, he took the sack, tied it to his back, and ran away with it. Soon he came to a big lake.

All night Wihio ran along the shore of the lake, but it seemed to get bigger and bigger. At last he was so tired that he lay down on the ground to rest, with the sack still tied to his back. Next morning, when he awoke, he was surprised to find that he was not beside the lake at all. He was back in the Cheyenne's lodge, and the sack was hanging from the lodge pole where it belonged.

Now Wihio was more curious than ever, for he could see that this was a strange and wonderful sack. "If I cannot take the sack away from the lodge, then I must make the brave go away and leave the sack," he thought.

After Wihio and the brave had eaten their breakfast, Wihio asked, "Tell me, my friend, what are you afraid of? I know you are a brave man, but even

the bravest man is afraid of something."

"Yes," said the brave. "I am afraid of one creature. I am afraid of a goose."

Wihio nodded his head wisely. "A goose is a dangerous bird," he said. Then Wihio said good-bye to the brave and left the lodge.

But late that night the wily Wihio returned in the shape of a goose. He stood outside the lodge and hissed and honked like a goose. Inside the lodge, the brave heard the goose sounds and was so frightened that he ran away. But he took the sack with him.

Wihio was angry. He had wanted the brave to leave the sack behind. He followed the brave until he lay down to sleep.

Again Wihio—still in the shape of a goose—made loud goose sounds. Up jumped the brave, and in fear ran off again.

But still he carried the sack with him!

All night Wihio followed the brave, and called his goose calls until the Cheyenne was so frightened that he threw down the sack. But as he ran off, he called out. "The sack can be opened only four more times."

Wihio turned back to the shape of a man and picked up the sack. "Now I shall have that fine lodge for myself, and I shall see what is in this sack."

Back at the lodge, he opened the sack. A buffalo ran out, and the heads of other buffalo could be seen crowding toward the mouth of the sack.

Quickly Wihio closed and tied it.

"This is fine," he said. "This wonderful sack will keep me in food and hides for a long time." He killed the buffalo and feasted on the meat. When the meat was gone, Wihio opened the sack and another buffalo ran out. And again, he opened the sack when he was out of meat. And again.

That was four times. But Wihio said to himself, "How do I know the Cheyenne spoke the truth?"

And he opened the sack a fifth time. But the minute he opened it, many buffalo rushed out—and he could not

stop them or close the sack.

The great beasts came out in such numbers that they trampled and killed Wihio. They kept coming out and coming out....

The buffalo ran to the north and to the south and to the east and to the west. They spread out over the plains....

"And that," the Indians said to the children beside the campfires long ago, "that is where the buffalo came from, and that was the last ever heard of the wicked Wihio."

ON YOUR OWN

Read each of the following paragraphs. Decide whether each is true or make-believe. In your exercise books, tell *why* you decided the paragraph was true or make-believe.

1. "Oh, Mr. Bear, please help me," cried the robin, in a most distressed voice. "I can't get my babies to sleep at all this evening."

2. In the gray October haze, the water of the Moose River rumbled and churned with the incoming tide. On the shoreline stood the settlement of Moose Factory.

3. They watched the spider doing all the things that spiders do. They saw it run little short runs, then make a quick stop, and then run a little again. They saw it climb and swing on its web.

4. But when the fisherman pulled in his nets, he found that he had caught no fish, but only a mermaid. A slim, silvery mermaid with long, golden hair that had become tangled in the nets.

5. Donald McBride walked down Walnut Road, holding his bright, new fifty-cent piece so that the sun would shine on it.

6. It was a lovely spring morning, and Tim the Tortoise was digging up the field back of his house. He was working so hard he didn't even see the sly old fox until the fox was right beside him.

Tip-Toe Tale

A fish took a notion
To come from his ocean
And take in the sights of the town.
So he bought him a hat
And a coat and cravat
And a one legg-ed trouser of brown! *He did!*
A one legg-ed trouser of brown!

His suit fit so queerly
That everyone nearly
Went following out on the street!
But the best of it all
Was how handsome and tall
He could walk when he didn't have feet!
He did!
He walked when he didn't have feet!

Now I must confess that
I surely could guess that
A fish trying walking would fail,
But with no one's advice
He walked *perfectly* nice
On the very tip-toes of his tail! *He did!*
On the very tip-toes of his tail!

—DIXIE WILLSON

Work Horses

Big strong work horses working every day,
Big strong work horses pulling loads of
hay,
Big strong work horses have no time to
play,
Work! — Work! — Work!
Big strong work horses with a wagon full,
Big strong work horses, pull! pull! pull!
Pull! — Pull! — Pull!

Big horse, strong horse,
Pull the plow, pull the plow,
Pull hard, work hard,
Plow the garden, plow, plow!
Big horse, tired, horse,
Stop and rest now.

Big strong work horses plowing up the
ground,
Big strong work horses walking round and
round,
Big strong work horses going home to lunch,
Eating oats, eating hay, munch! munch!
munch!

—EDITH H. NEWLIN

The Moon's the North Wind's Cooky

The Moon's the North Wind's cooky.
He bites it, day by day,
Until there's but a rim of scraps
That crumble all away.

The South Wind is a baker.
He kneads clouds in his den,
And bakes a crisp new moon that . . . greedy
North . . . Wind . . . eats . . . again!

—VACHEL LINDSAY

Read the poem "Why?"

Put a red line under 3 things the little boy wants to know that you could tell him. Put a green line under 3 things he wants to know that you can't tell him.

Why?

I know a curious little boy
Who is always asking, "Why?"
Why this, why that, why then, why now,
Why not, why by-and-by?
He wants to know why wood should swim,
When lead and marbles sink;
Why shine the stars, and the winds blow,
And why we eat and drink.
He wants to know what makes the clouds,
And why they cross the sky;
Why sinks the sun behind the hills,
And why the flowers die.
He wants to know why wind should come
From out the bellows' nose;
Why pop-guns should go pop, and why
The ocean ebbs and flows.

He wants to know why fish have gills,
And why boys cannot fly;
Why steam comes from the kettle's spout,
And rain falls from the sky.
He wants to know why coal should burn,
And not a bit of stone;
How seeds get in the apple-core,
And marrow in the bone.
He wants to know why ice should melt,
Why spiders eat the flies;
Why bees should sting; and why the yeast
Should cause the dough to rise.
Some of his Whys are not too hard
To answer, if you'll try;
Of others, no one ever yet
Has found the reason why.

Write answers to the questions you have underlined. Write a true answer if you can. Make up an answer for the others.

Put a red star beside the true answers and a green star beside the make-believe answers.

Chirp, Cricket, Chirp!

1. The little old man and the little old woman had a cricket, but it wasn't a very friendly cricket.

"I declare!" said the little old man. "What good is a cricket if it never makes a sound? Crickets are supposed to chirp."

The little old woman sighed. "A chirping cricket is such good company, like a singing bird. But a cricket that won't chirp is of no use at all."

Down on the hearth, sitting on the warm bricks before the fire, Charlie Cricket heard them talking, but he didn't care. He had never chirped, and he never intended to chirp. Because to chirp, a cricket must rub his wings together. And Charlie was ticklish.

"I don't know that I'm going to build any more fires to keep that cricket warm," said the little old man.

"I don't know that I'm going to sprinkle any more crumbs on the floor to keep that cricket fed," said the little old woman.

"Well!" thought Charlie, "I'm sure I don't have to stay where I'm not wanted."

He scooted through a crack under the door and out into the big wide world. "Who cares about old fires and old crumbs?" he muttered.

2. "Not me," said a thin voice. Charlie looked up and saw a spider.

"What in the world are you doing?" Charlie asked.

"Don't you know what I'm doing?" said the spider. "All spiders spin

webs—just as all crickets chirp."

"I don't chirp," Charlie said. "What's a web?"

The spider squinted at Charlie through beady eyes. "A web is a home. Winter is coming, and I have to get ready."

"Is it ticklish to spin webs?" Charlie wanted to know.

"Of course not!"

"In that case—" said Charlie, and he started to spin a web for himself. Up on a stick of wood he hopped, and off into the air he leaped, and down to the ground he fell. He picked himself up, brushed the dirt off his wings, and tried again. Up — out — down — KERPLUNK! Up — out — down — KERPLUNK! Charlie became annoyed again. "Who wants an old web?" he cried.

3. "Not me," said a small voice. Charlie looked down.

"My goodness!" he said. "Why are you doing that?" For a little red ant was dragging a sunflower seed as big as she was.

"This is food," said the ant. "Winter is coming, you know. I have to get ready."

"Is that ticklish work?" asked Charlie. "Certainly not."

"In that case—" said Charlie, and he found a sunflower seed for himself, hooked his jaws into it and started after the ant. But it was hard work, and soon Charlie was cross again. "Who wants old seeds?" he said.

"Not me," said a buzzing voice. Charlie looked around.

"Dear me!" he exclaimed. "What are you doing?"

"I'm gathering nectar to make honey this winter," said a bee. "That's my work. Winter is coming, and I have to get ready."

"Does honey tickle?" asked Charlie.

"Don't be foolish!" sniffed the bee.

"In that case —" said Charlie, and he took a brave jump and landed on a rose. But he slipped down between the petals and almost couldn't crawl out.

The wind began to blow. One by one the petals dropped from the flower, leaving Charlie clinging to a bare stem. Then the cold rain fell.

4. At last Charlie hopped down from his lonesome perch. But now he didn't know what to do. He had no home, no food, no work. He wasn't ready, but winter had come.

Sadly, he thought of the warm bricks in front of the little old man's fire and the bread crumbs from the little old woman's baking. And he remembered how he had said, "Who wants old fires and old crumbs?"

Now he knew who wanted them. He did.

It was a long way back home. Black night had fallen by the time Charlie got there. He was cold and tired and

hungry. And he wasn't sure they'd let him in.

A light shone through the crack under the door. Quietly, Charlie slipped in. A brisk fire was burning, and there were crumbs scattered on the bricks. He gobbled the crumbs. He stretched out his legs to the fire. He began to feel warm and rested and well-fed.

Then all at once he began to rub his wings together, and a pleasant friendly sound filled the room.

"I declare!" cried the little old man in surprise. "I do believe I hear our cricket chirping!"

The little old woman smiled. "There's nothing so nice as a chirping cricket."

Down on the hearth, little Charlie heard them talking, and this time he cared a lot. Why should he want to spin webs or drag seeds or make honey? he thought. He wasn't a spider or an ant or a bee. He was a cricket, and a cricket chirps. So Charlie chirped and chirped for the kind little old man who built fires and the kind little old woman who sprinkled crumbs.

Then he had to stop to giggle.

He chirped some more, and stopped to giggle some more. And chirped and giggled. And chirped...and giggled...

For to chirp, a cricket must rub his wings together. And Charlie really *was* ticklish.

—LAVERE ANDERSON

Many, *many* moons ago, long before the white man discovered North America, many Indian tribes roamed the grassy Western land called the Great Plains. There were no cities then, with stores where people could buy food and clothing and blankets and dishes. Yet in a way there *was* a store, too.

You wouldn't know it was a store by looking at it, because it looked like what it was — a huge herd of brown animals. Buffalo!

In those days, there were so many buffalo on the Great Plains that nobody could count them. When they ran, the noise of their hoofs sounded like thunder. When the great herds stood quietly, the plains were black with them as far as the eye could see.

They weren't very pretty creatures. They were dark and shaggy, with big

humps on their backs. They had red-rimmed eyes and scraggly beards and mean dispositions.

But to the Indians of the plains they were known as "the givers of life." For the Indians hunted the buffalo, and from them got many of the things that people must have to live.

When an Indian brave killed a buffalo, his family ate the meat. From the thick, furry hide they made moccasins to wear, and robes to use as blankets on their beds. They could make boats from hides, too. They wove ropes from the buffalo hair. They carved needles from the small bones, and tools from the large bones. They made cups and knife handles from the horns, and hammers from the hoofs.

You can see why a herd of buffalo was like a store!

ON YOUR OWN

Fill in the blanks in these sentences. Do them in the same way as the first one.

1. Shoe is to foot as glove is to hand.
2. Talk is to people as _____ is to dog.
3. $2+3$ is to 5 as $3+3$ is to _____.
4. Burrow is to fox as house is to _____.
5. _____ is to house as porthole is to ship.
6. Pencil is to _____ as brush is to paint.
7. _____ is to read as record is to hear.
8. Roads are to cars as _____ are to trains.

Rescued (Part 1)

1. "You can't go exploring the old Simpkin's mine with us, and that's that," Peter Wilson told his sister Clare. "I'm not even taking Ralph with me this time," Peter said, as he chained his big German Shepherd to the kennel. "Ralph is great at helping us find our way when we're exploring in the woods, but he'd just be in the way in a mine."

"I don't care whether Ralph is going or not," said Clare. "I'm going, or you're not borrowing my flashlight."

"Going where?" asked Tim Naylor, who had just come through the gate.

"I'm going with you and Peter to explore Simpkin's old mine."

"Holy cats," said Tim. "Do we have to take you everywhere? Climbing down a mine is too dangerous for a girl. And it's dark and dirty down there too. You wouldn't like it."

Clare knew she could climb just as well as her brother and Tim, and she wanted desperately to see the mine. Her older brother, Jim, had told her what it was like down in the mine, for he had worked in it once, before it had been deserted. He had told Clare and Peter a lot of interesting things about it, but they had forgotten the most important one. He had warned them *never* to go near the old mine.

"It's dangerous," he had said. "It's over three hundred feet deep. You could fall in and be killed. Or if you climbed into one of the tunnels, you could get lost. Don't go near it. It's too dangerous!"

2. "Let me go, Peter," begged Clare. "I won't be in your way. I'll do exactly what you tell me."

"Well," said Peter, "OK. But just remember it's my expedition, and I'm the boss." He turned to Tim. "You got your flashlight, Tim?"

"Yes, sir, captain," said Tim.

"Well, let's get going then," said Peter. "We'll have to hurry if we're going to get there and back before dinnertime."

3. | The Simpkin Mine was about a mile from the Wilsons' house. Clare and the boys could see its headframe above the trees as they walked towards it.

"They built the headframe to hold the cable that pulled up the buckets of ore and lowered the cage in which the miners went down the mine," said Peter.

"Yes," said Clare. "Jim says they had to build them high so they could lift the ore higher than the top of the ground. And sometimes they used it to lift the big timbers that kept the walls and ceilings of the tunnels from caving in."

When they got to the mine, Peter flashed his light down the shaft. It was dark, and smelled damp and musty. The light beam just reached the surface of the water about thirty feet down. Jim had told him that pumps had been used to keep the mine dry when it was running, but now that it was closed up, it was nearly all flooded.

4. "It looks scary," said Clare.

"I told you not to come," retorted Peter.

"Hey! It looks as if there's a tunnel on the right, part way down," said Tim, as he flashed his light up and down the side of the shaft.

"And there's the shaft ladder," said Peter. "Jim says they built ladders down the side of the shaft so the miners could climb out of the mine if the cable broke down. I'm going down to explore that tunnel."

"Gosh," said Tim. "That old ladder looks awful wet and greasy."

5. "I'll be all right," said Peter. He had one foot over the side of the shaft and was starting to climb down.

Clare and Tim watched anxiously as Peter lowered himself hand over hand, hand over hand, down the rickety old ladder. When he finally reached the tunnel, he stepped off the ladder and disappeared.

Slowly, Clare and Tim climbed down after him. They could see his light making crazy shadows on the walls quite a way along the tunnel. They hurried to catch up to him.

"I'm going to have a quick look around," said Peter.

"Oh, no, Peter," said Clare. "It's too scary down here. Let's go home."

Peter was beginning to feel a little scared himself, but he wasn't going to let Tim and Clare know. "Come on, Tim. Let's go," he said.

Tim was wishing he hadn't come too, but all he said was: "OK, Peter. But not too far! No one knows we're

here. If we get lost, they might never find us."

Sticking closely together, the three walked carefully over the rough stone into the darkness of the tunnel.

6. As they walked, they beamed their flashlights ahead of them. Small bits of quartz sparkled at them as their lights flashed on the tunnel floor. The huge beams that held up the ceiling cast strange shadows when the lights hit them. Then their lights picked out two big square shapes.

"Holy cats," whispered Tim. "What are they?"

7. Peter stopped walking and held his light steady on one of the shapes. Then he laughed. "They're the old ore cars I was telling you about, silly. Let's have a look in one of them." He quickly climbed over the side of one of the cars and started banging around inside.

In a few minutes he swung back over the side of the car and stood beside them. "Let's go," he said.

"Yes," echoed Clare. "Let's get out of here. We're going to get enough heck as it is when we get home."

Soon they were back in the mine shaft. "You go up first, Tim," said Peter, "and then we'll shine our lights on the ladder together so Clare can see to climb up."

Quickly Tim swung himself onto the ladder and started climbing. Slowly he eased himself up to the second rung of the ladder, and the third. The old ladder started to sway.

Rescued (Part 2)

1. As Peter and Clare watched, horrified, the ladder pulled away from the wall and swung across the shaft so that the top was on one side and the bottom on the other.

Peter stood frozen with fear as he saw the ladder swing slowly away from the wall. Clare's scream echoed crazily down the tunnel. If the ladder broke, Tim would go crashing down into the water below them.

2. But the ladder stayed in one piece, while Tim clung to it for dear life. His flashlight had fallen into the water, but he was all right. All right, that is, if he could make his way back to the foot of the ladder and into the tunnel before the old ladder broke in two. With Tim's full weight on it, and the way it was sloping, it was even more likely to break than before.

3. Slowly, he inched his way down the underneath side of the ladder, while it creaked frighteningly.

Peter and Clare watched, scarcely daring to breathe.

Finally, Tim reached the edge of the tunnel. He still had to work himself around to the upper side of the ladder to get safely into the tunnel.

4. Carefully, he hooked one leg over the top of the ladder, reached over as far as he could with his hand, and jumped into the tunnel.

He landed safely beside Peter and Clare. But the extra push had been too

much for the ladder. It snapped and fell. No one would ever be able to climb up or down it again.

Clare started to cry. "Now we'll never get home," she sobbed.

5. "Where on earth can those children be, Jim?" said Mrs. Wilson.

"Ah, don't worry, Mom," said Jim. "They're late half the time when they go on those crazy expeditions Peter's always dreaming up. You know yourself you're always scolding them for being late."

6. "They should have taken Ralph with them," said Mrs. Wilson. "Peter says that dog's better than he is at finding his way home."

"Gosh, that's right," said Jim. "Ralph is home. I wonder why?"

"Because they tied him up!" said Mrs. Wilson. "I found him chained to his kennel when I came home."

"I wonder why they left Ralph home," said Jim slowly. "You don't suppose they did it because they were planning to explore the old mine, do you? Peter's been wanting to go down that old mine for ages."

"Oh, Jim," said Mrs. Wilson, "I'm scared. Take Ralph and try to find them. Something's wrong."

7. Jim looked up at the sky. "It'll soon be dark," he thought. "I just hope they're not in Simpkin's mine. It would be too dangerous to work around that old mine shaft after dark." Shuddering

at the thought of anyone spending a night in the old mine, Jim put Ralph on a leash and started out. He held the leash tight, but let the dog decide which way to go. Ralph headed across the fields straight towards the old mine.

"I'm awfully hungry," said Clare.

The three were huddled close together. They had not moved from the mouth of the tunnel. They sat there, shivering, not knowing what to do.

"We're all hungry," said Peter. "But it'll only make it worse if we talk about it. We'll just have to wait until someone rescues us."

"That might take days," said Tim. "Nobody even knows we're here."

Clare started to cry again. Peter and Tim sat looking off into the darkness.

"Hey, listen," said Peter. "I think I hear someone coming."

8. "You keep saying that," said Tim. "It's only the water dripping."

"No!" said Peter. "I'm sure I heard a dog barking." They all listened. Sure enough, they could hear the sound of a dog's bark, coming closer.

"It's Ralph! It's Ralph!" yelled Peter jumping up. "I'd know his bark anywhere. We're rescued! We're rescued!"

"So what if it is," said Tim, "we still haven't any way of getting out of here!" Then they heard someone at the mouth of the mine shaft.

"Peter! Clare! Are you there?" Jim yelled down.

"Yes! Yes!" Peter yelled up at him.

9. Jim stiffened with fear as he listened. He'd never be able to get

them out before dark! There wasn't time to go for help. And it was too dangerous to lower a rope down over the water-filled mine shaft for them to climb up.

"Don't worry, Peter. I'll get you out some way," Jim yelled down.

While Jim was talking to Peter, Ralph was running off in different directions. He had heard Peter's voice and was trying to find him. He sniffed and whimpered at every hole in the ground that he came to.

10. Jim barely noticed him until he started to bark loudly from some bushes a couple of hundred feet away from the shaft. Jim was about to yell at him to be quiet when suddenly he remembered something. All mines have an emergency escape. The entrance to the emergency tunnel should be just about where Ralph was barking from.

"Good boy, Ralph," Jim said softly. "Good boy!"

11. Jim dragged the rocks from the emergency exit and soon had a hole big enough to squeeze through.

Clare was the first one to notice the beam of light coming from the tunnel. She jumped up yelling to Peter and Tim, "It's Jim! It's Jim! He's found a different way to get us out of the mine. We're rescued!"

Then Ralph bounded towards them.

"Ralph! Good old Ralph!" said Peter, burying his face in the dog's fur. "I should have known you'd bring Jim to rescue us."

—SANDY MORTON

Read the story below. When you come to a blank, write in what you think happened. As you go on and read, check to make sure you were right.

The Foolish Beggar

Once a poor beggar was walking along a lonely road. He was tired and hungry, for he had walked a long way and had had no food all day. He carried an old leather bag, but it was empty.

"How happy I would be," he said, "if I had a little money to pay for a bowl of soup and a room to sleep in."

Suddenly a beautiful fairy stood before him.

The beggar held out his bag, and the fairy poured in a stream of gold.

"Your bag is very old," she reminded him. "And remember, if one piece of gold falls to the ground, it will all turn to dust." But the beggar said,

The bag was almost full now, and the side of the bag was beginning to tear. "If I put in any more, the bag will burst," said the fairy.

So the fairy dropped in another piece. Suddenly the bag split right down the side.

The beggar turned to ask the fairy for another chance but _____

His First Flight

1. The young seagull was alone on his ledge. His two brothers and his sister had flown away the day before. He had been afraid to fly with them. Somehow when he had taken a little run forward to the brink of the ledge and attempted to flap his wings he became afraid. The great sea stretched beneath, and it was such a long way down — miles down. He felt certain that his wings would never support him, so he bent his head and ran away back to the little hole under the ledge where he slept at night. Even when each of his brothers and his little sister had flapped their wings and flown away, he failed to get up courage to take the plunge. His father and mother had come around calling to him shrilly, scolding him, threatening to let him starve on his ledge unless he flew away. But he could not move.

2. That was twenty-four hours ago. Since then nobody had come near him. The day before, he had watched his parents flying about with his brothers and sister, teaching them how to skim the waves and how to dive for fish. He had seen one of his brothers catch his first herring and eat it, while his parents circled around cackling proudly. And all morning the whole family had walked about on the big ledge half-way down the opposite cliff, calling him a coward.

3. The sun was now high in the sky, blazing warmly on his ledge. He had

not eaten since the night before. Now there was not a single scrap of food left. He had searched every inch, rooting among the rough, dirt-caked straw nest where he and his brothers and sister had been hatched. He trotted back and forth from one end of the ledge to the other trying to find some means of reaching his parents without having to fly. But on each side of him the ledge ended in a sheer drop, with the sea beneath.

4. The seagull stepped slowly out to the brink of the ledge, and, standing on one leg with the other leg hidden under his wing, he closed one eye, then the other, and pretended to be falling asleep. He saw his two brothers and his sister dozing, with their heads sunk into their necks. His father was preening the feathers on his white back. His mother was standing on a little high hump eating a piece of fish that lay at her feet. The sight of the food maddened him. He uttered a low cackle. His mother cackled too, and looked over at him.

"Ga, ga, ga," he cried, begging her to bring him over some food. "Gaw-ool-ah," she screamed back. But he kept calling, and after a minute or so he uttered a joyful scream. His mother had picked up a piece of the fish and was flying across to him with it. He leaned out eagerly, tapping the rock with his feet. But when she was just opposite to him, even with the ledge, she halted, her wings motionless, the piece of fish

in her beak almost within reach of his beak.

5. He waited a moment in surprise, wondering why she did not come nearer, and then, maddened by hunger, he dived at the fish. With a loud scream he fell outwards and downwards into space. His mother had swooped upwards. As he passed beneath her, he heard the swish of her wings. Then a great terror seized him, and his heart stood still.

6. The next moment he felt his wings spread outwards. The wind rushed against his breast feathers, then under his stomach and against his wings. He could feel the tips of his wings cutting through the air. He was not falling now. He was soaring downwards and outwards. He was no longer afraid. He just felt a bit dizzy. Then he flapped his wings once and he soared upwards. He uttered a joyous scream and flapped them again. He soared higher. "Ga, ga,

ga. Ga, ga, ga. Gaw-ool-ah." His mother swooped past him, her wings making a loud noise. He answered her with another scream. Then his father flew over him screaming. Then he saw his two brothers and sister flying around him, soaring and diving. Then he completely forgot that he had not always been able to fly, and began to dive and soar, shrieking shrilly.

7. He was near the water now, flying straight over it, facing out over the ocean. He saw a vast green sea beneath him. His parents and his brothers and sister had landed on this green floor in front of him. They were calling to him. He dropped his legs to stand on the green sea. His legs sank into it. He screamed with fright and started to rise again, flapping his wings. But his feet sank into the green sea, and then his belly touched it, and he sank no farther. He was floating on it.

He had made his first flight.

—LIAM O'FLAHERTY

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LANGUAGE EXPERIENCE READING PROGRAM

GAGE